THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 21. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ANCIENT KILCOLMAN.

Where the English Poet Spenser, Author of "Faerie Queen" Once Lived and Sung.

An Interesting Story of the Days of Elizabeth and the Desmonds.

[*Written for The Citizen.*]

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Earl Desmond's vast possessions, comprising almost four of the southern counties, extending 110 miles, and containing 574,628 acres, were now parcelled out among English favorites for a mere trifle, but with the condition that they were not to rent to any Irishman. Kilcolman Castle and 3,028 acres were given to Edmond Spenser, the English poet, in 1586. It is said that it was here he wrote his poem, "The Fairie Queene," upon which his fame as a poet principally rests. His poem, "Colin Clouts Come Home Again," was certainly written here, for he dedicates it "To the Right Worthy and Noble Knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, from my house of Kilcolman, the 27th of December, 1591." In this poem Raleigh is addressed as Hobbin, while Spencer himself is Clouts —two very nice names—and gives an account of his journey to England. He was charmed with the scenery in the neighborhood of Desmond's ruined home, and tells us that

"Under the foot of Mole that mountain hoar,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the green alders by the Mullaes shore,"

was a favorite pastime with him. He took great liberties with the names of Irish rivers and mountains, and changed them to suit his own sweet will. However, we can scarcely wonder at this. The man who could call another man's home "my house," had few scruples of any kind.

Swift Awniduff which of the Englishman
Is calde Blackewater, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis that once his people overran,
Strong Allo tumbling [illegible]
steep,
And Mulla mine whose waves I whilome taught to weep.
* * * * * * *
The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood;
And balefull Oure late staind with English bloud
* * * * * * *
Did on the Thames attend.

The "mountain of the Mole" is Ballyhoura hill, which lies to the north of Kilcolman, and the "Mulla mine" is the little river called Awbeg, which passengers from Dublin to Cork on the Great Southern Western Railway, cross when approaching the station of Buttevant. A petition preserved in Dublin Castle, and quoted by Mr. Hardiman in his Irish Minstrelsy, gives us an insight into Spenser's real character—that of a heartless thief. The petition is that of an Anglo-Irishman, Maurice Roche, Lord Fermoy, and recites that "Edmond Spenser, of Kilcolman, gentleman hath entered into three ploughlands, parcel of Ballingerath, and disseised your suppliant thereof, and continueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of said land, and converted a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his use of the value of two hundred pounds." And this is the dear creature who loved to "keep his sheep in the shade," and sing to rivers, and call Hobbin to him, now engaged in robbing an Irish forest! I have seen this man's works in some Irish homes, where I missed Moore and Griffen and Davis, and I know some lack-a-daisical Irish maidens who can grow sentimental about the "dear gentle Spenser." What will they think of this lamb of gentleness who combined with the emotions of a poet, the vulgar feelings of a sheriff and hangman? The man who could make rivers weep was also able to make men and women weep; and as sheriff of Cork county we may very well suppose that he spared no "wild Irishry" committed to him.

He went into Ireland as secretary to the monster Wilson in 1580, and followed the army of cut-throats in their awful march through Munster. So complete was the ruin that Spenser himself tells us that "they spared neither horne nor corne, nor left roof-tree upstanding." His poem, the "Fairie Queene," was addressed to Elizabeth in the usual fulsome manner peculiar to court flatterers—"the most high, mightie, and magnificent Emperesse, renowned for pietie, vertue, and all gratious government, Elizabeth." He was hard pushed for a model of "vertue" when he picked upon red-headed Libbe. When writing about Irish womanhood in his "Views on the State of Ireland," he used language which even yet makes the blood tingle, language to vile to be repeated.

Twelve years sped away, and the "miserable people who crawled forth upon their hands and knees for their legges would not support them," were up once more, ready for battle. From all that we can learn about him, he left Ireland several times between the year 1598, when Kilcolman was granted to him, and 1598, when he beheld it in flames. It was one thing to bestow confiscated lands; it was another thing to hold them. He spent several years in England, and flunkey like, was usually found at Elizabeth's court.

"Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bad me love her deare;
For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
As when just time expired should appeare."

Feeling, however, that Elizabeth's fondness for him was rather uncertain, to judge by the manner in which she treated her numerous lovers, Spencer returned to Ireland in 1597, and Kilcolman received again the poetic robber and murderer. Retribution was close at hand. The clans rose the very next year, and the cowardly court flatterer fled before them. "In the confusion and terror of flight," says his biographer, "one of his little ones by some strange oversight was left behind in the castle; and the rebels following swiftly after, sacked and burned the house, and the child perished in the flames." Words of pity for an English child; but what of the Irish children found nursing their dead mothers, and cruelly bayoneted by Wilton's troops? Eternity alone will reveal the iniquity of that awful time. Traditions of it are found among the Munster peasantry; and I have heard people in remote parts of Kerry, to whom written history was as much unknown as Sanscrit, allude to Elizabeth as "the withering hag."

Raleigh lived at Youghal at the time Spenser lived in Kilcolman. It is hardly necessary to say that Raleigh, like Spencer, profitted by the confiscation. He wanted to learn the Irish people the art of potato culture, and no spot upon earth could grow the tubers like a slice of confiscated land. We have paid dearly from that day to this for Raleigh's "easy lessons" in potato planting. Had all knowledge of the potato perished on the same scaffold with Raleigh, so much the better for the Irish people. The axe which proved "a swift, sharp medicine" in Raleigh's case, was mercy when compared to the horrors of death from starvation. "Black '47" lies close to our own time.

To Spenser's work, "A Present View of the State of Ireland," we have but briefly touched. It is chiefly remarkable for his brutal hostility to every Irish custom or habit; and for the people themselves, he has no other name than "barbarous nation." For the country itself, he has nothing but words of praise. "And sure it is yet a most beautifull and sweet countrey, as any is under heaven, seamed throughout with many goodly river, replenished with all sortes of fish. * * * Also full of good portes and havens opening upon England and Scotland as invitinge to come to them. The heavens most milde and temperat." Paradoxical as it may seem, Ireland's fertility has been her curse, or rather it has been the magnet that drew the landrobbers, from the piratical Dane down to the land-grabber and rack-renter of our own day, to her shore. Her children fly from her, and wear out their lives in strange lands, while short-horn cattle and Southdown sheep occupy their places at home.

Spenser returned to England towards the close of 1598, in great haste, as we have seen. I quote from a writer very friendly to him: "In October the insurgents burst roughly in upon his peace. No doubt, his occupation of the old castle, had ever been regarded with fierce jealousy. While he had dreamed his dreams and sung his songs in the valley, there had been curses muttered against him from the hills around. At last the day of vengeance came. The outraged natives rushed down upon Kilcolman; the poet and his family barely made their escape; his home was plundered and burned." How unconsciously he admits the truth—"the outraged natives." Spenser bitterly complained to Elizabeth of how the "rebelly Irishry" had burned him out. However, the "virgin queen" had no further use for him; he had served her purpose, and was allowed to drop into obscurity. She mane no more "goodly glee, and lovely blandishment" to him. Old age was upon her now, and with it all the evils of a life spent in depravity. One almost thinks that Spenser had her in view when he wrote:

"A loathy, wrinkled hag, ill-favored old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told."

In view of what he wrote concerning Irish ladies, his "good manners" are somewhat uncertain. At any rate he died in the beginning of 1599, of grief, says one writer; for want of bread says another. Did the dismal cries of famishing orphans,

"And the wild mother's scream o'er her famishing brood"

now ring in his dying ears, or did the ghosts of the butchered clansmen now come to haunt his bedside and "spake indeed like anatomies, crying from the grete?" Ah, surely, it is not from the rude or unlettered, that Ireland has received the most cruel of treatment! Names that stand high upon the roll of poets and writers, have been found among her bitterest enemies.

Kilcolman was never rebuilt, and remains to this day a dreary ruin. The woodland scenery of the place has changed very much since Spencer's time. Under pretense of not affording shelter to the natives, and to make roads into dreary places, the woods were ruthlessly destroyed, and huge oak trees, as the Christian Brothers' history informed us, were sold for six-pence each. Spenser himself informs us that the country was well wooded. "Many sweet llandes and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon theyr waters, adorned with goodly woodes fitt for building howses and shippes." The furze and the purple heath, the lilac and the sweet hawthorn still scent the soft Munster breeze, and the valley of the Awbeg is still peaceful and fair. That river flows as of old "by the green adlers," and when the rain falls up in the hills, the Bregoge—little liar—soon fills its banks, and rushing headlong, a wild mountain stream, it joins the larger Awbeg, which together, flow onward toward the Funchion, where united to this river they flow into the Blackwater —the Irish Rhine—and are lost in the waters of the Atlantic at Youghal—the strand of the yew tree. The plain where Kilcolman stands is still pleasant to look at, and the view of the distant mountains is as good as ever. To the east lie the Knockmeildon mountains; Nagle mountains are to the south; Ballyhowra, where Desmond flung out his banner of defiance, lies north, and the blue range of the Kerry mountains bounds the view on the west. Grander than all, the struggle for Irish freedom still lives; while the tongue that lied about, and the hand that wrote against an entire people, have long since wasted into dust in a corner of Westminster Abbey.

T. J. F.

A MOST NOTABLE EVENT.

The testimonial benefit to be tendered to Captain Jack Crawford at Central Music Hall this (Saturday) evening by his comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and his friends of the Chicago Press Club and the Chicago Music Trade promises to be one of the most notable events of the season. A large sale of tickets is reported, and the boxes will be filled with people of national prominence, among them being General Miles and staff and a number of officers from Fort Sheridan who served with "the Poet Scout" in Indian campaigns in the West. The entertainment will be unique and of far more than ordinary interest. The people of Chicago have heard much of this famous scout-poet who has been a resident of Chicago for the past year—have read many of his prose sketches and quaint poetical efforts in the public prints—yet only in fragmentary numbers when assisting at other entertainments has the privilege been afforded to hear him. In the many cities where he has been heard in his full programme he has been pronounced the most magnetic and fascinating entertainer who ever faced an audience from the platform. He arouses his auditors to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, convulses them with laughter or melts them to tears at will. On Saturday evening he will give his rarely attractive border medley, as he calls it, "The Camp Fire and the Trail," a grouping of stories of the West, unique poetical selections, army reminiscences and vivid word pictures of exciting experiences on the Western frontier. In the first part of the entertainment he will appear in dress suit, then change to the buckskin costume of the scout and in [illegible] manner so thrillingly interesting that the pictures drawn in bright but true coloring will long remain stamped upon the memory of all who hear him. Captain Jack stands alone in his own peculiar field of entertainment. He pictures the West and its romances in their true coloring. He is a relentless foe of vile border literature, the pernicious dime novel, and the no less condemnable border drama of the lurid type which creates in the minds of the young false and misleading ideas of the border, and leads many bright boys to ruin and degradation. He is the only borderman who has ever dignified literature, who has ever thrilled audiences with the rare gift of oratory which he possesses, and this is all the more wonderful from the fact that he is not an educated man aside from what he has taught himself in the great field of nature and through association with the better classes of people in army and civil life. He never attended a school, never studied a page of a school text book, yet he is refined in speech and demeanor, brilliant in conversation and remarkably eloquent in public address. A rare treat is promised all who go to hear him Saturday evening.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The public appreciation won by the Schiller Comic Opera Company of the Schiller Theatre, is something unprecedented in the successes achieved by similar organizations in Chicago. "The Beggar Student" is succeeded next Sunday evening by the "Black Hussar," the second comic opera of the summer series. It is a very popular work, delightfully melodious, and will be presented with the fidelity to artistic excellence and the effects of brilliant spectacle, as have made the production of the "Beggar Student" such an immediate and remarkable success. The cast of the "Black Hussar" includes all the stars and indeed the entire strength of the superb Schiller company. In it are strong parts for the favorite prima donna, Agnes Delaporte; the vivacious and musically accomplished Jane Stuart, who as the soubrette of the "Beggar Student" has literally caught the fancy and won the applause of the large and critical audiences that have crowded the Schiller nightly the last week; William Wolff, the favorite basso comedian, and Aldrich Libbey, the famous barritone. The "Black Hussar" will be put upon the stage with the same degree of charming picturesque effect, handsome staging and lavish and brilliant accessories which has characterized the "Beggar Student." It should be remembered by opera lovers that this special summer season by the Schiller Opera Company presents the highest class of favorite operas, at reduced or special summer prices.

The Best Blood Purifier.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 6, 1894.—I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and think it is the best blood purifier that can be had. E. J. FALLEY, 387 Centre-av.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion.

MR. JAMES BURNS, architect and superintendent, has changed his offices from 95 Washington street to Adams Express building, 183 Dearborn street, rooms 601 and 602. THE CITIZEN wishes him success in his new quarters.

HONORED AT HOME.

John S. Cooke, Prominent In the Social and Business Circles of Chicago, Had a Delightful Social Experience In Ireland, On Revisiting That Country.

How An Energetic Irish Lad, Flung On His Own Resources, Arrived at Fortune In America.

[*Dublin* (Ire.) *Herald, April 28.*]

On Shrove Tuesday, in the year 1854, a lad 16 years of age, who had severed himself from his parents' home in Mitchelstown, left Ireland, with black memories of the famine sufferings, and little beyond a sturdy heart to cheer him on a lonely voyage out into the wide world. Anyone can realize what the open world meant at the time of the Crimean war to a lad who had never been beyond his native town and its vicinity. He went forth alone, with not many shillings in his pocket, to sink or swim; and his parents and relatives remained behind, after weathering the awful stress of the famine period, when starved peasants died every hour and stout-hearted men in Mitchelstown hid themselves under their beds so that the police might not find them to join in coroners' inquests on the bodies of their friends. They were leasehold farmers, with a confectioner's shop in the town, and the end of their ninety-nine years' lease was within sight. So the son went forth at sixteen to seek his livelihood. These were times when ships from Queenstown to New York spent weeks instead of days on the voyage, and the vessel which carried the Mitchelstown lad and left the Munster port on Shrove Tuesday did not enter the harbor of New York until Good Friday.

Forty years have passed. The Mitchelstown lad of 1854 has, after that lapse of time, come back to see his native land, being now one of the wealthiest lager beer brewers in Chicago, where he gives extensive employment, and requires forty or fifty horses for the delivery of [illegible] that long and successful battle for life and fortune—a leading and highly respected citizen of the greatest of American cities. He has found abundant riches. Nor has the tough struggle for life touched him with any sourness. Geniality and the high spirit of hospitality abound in his nature. As his photograph, which we reproduce, suggests, he is as fine a specimen of an Irishman as could be found within Ireland. Massive head, bright, expansive face, splendid curly locks of silver hair; looking upon life with sweet delight; and retaining a warm heart for Ireland and all things Irish. This is the Mitchelstown lad of 16 grown large and mellow. He is bringing to a close a long tour through Europe with his wife and daughter, a tall, graceful, pleasant, and intelligent young lady with a fair share of that easy-going fascination which is the special charm of so many American girls. The party has looked in on Dublin—Mr. Cooke's first visit, by the way, to the metropolis of his native country—and have been staying at the Shelbourne Hotel. Though they came over from New York, after a farewell banquet in Chicago, in one of the gorgeous Continental steamers, Mr. Cooke would not return without seeing Mitchelstown once more, and making his earliest acquaintance with Dublin at 56, and showing these places and Killarney and other splendours with which nature has favored Ireland to his wife and daughter. Miss Cooke will have a long description of her father's native land for her brothers in Chicago, when the Campania has brought them back to America.

Mr. Cooke was only a day in Dublin when he found friends. One night he walked into the salon of the Gaiety Theatre, and before the play was finished he had discovered several. By one of those pleasant coincidences which are always happening, he met in the theatre during the *entr'acte*, to begin with, Mr. James Shanks, whom he had entertained hospitably in Chicago at his own home during Mr. Shank's visit as lord mayor, with the lady mayoress, Mrs. Shanks, to the chief city of the West. When a friend from thousands of miles away suddenly confronts another friend in a theatre,—well, there is congratulation. So Mr. and Mrs. Cooke and their daughter have been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Shanks at Charlton, Dundrum, and their stay in Dublin has shown them the pleasantest side of this city. Mr. Cooke has also been introduced to that bright resort on Stephen's Green, the Sheridan Club, and has been made welcome. Mr. Cooke told a *Herald* representative that Dublin, at first sight, did not make a favorable impression on him. It never does delight strangers at the opening view; the mute voices of the streets somehow speak to the visitor of lassitude and decay. But Mr. Cooke thinks better of Dublin now; it always grows in one's favor, like the fascinations of a woman who is sweet-mannered though not handsome.

We need only say that here is an Irishman who had nothing in his favor but his undaunted heart, his sound body and his plucky determination to make a living at something; and after many hard vicissitudes and willingness to turn his hand to any honest work, even to go as a sailor for four years, or to work as a baker for eighteen hours a day, he becomes one of the prominent citizens of Chicago, the owner of a splendid brewry, and a credit in every way to his native land; without boastfulness, and with all the bonhomie of the Irish. There is surely plenty of this material out of which to make Ireland prosperous and great if we only went the right way about it.

Mr. Cooke agrees that the Irish are at the top throughout America, and that they are a benefit, and not (as some represent) an injury to the States. "Let me tell you," said Mr. Cooke, "that the representatives of the Irish race in America are superior even to the representatives whom you put forward at home." Mr. Cooke is Nationalist to the core. Though taking only a quiet part in politics in America, he was one of those who met the Irish delegation—Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, Harrington, and others—when a section of it went to Chicago. He sat up after the Irish meeting most of the night in the hotel counting the dollars which had been subscribed. They amounted to about seven thousand. But before they finished counting news came in of the party split at home in regard to Parnell. The well-to-do Irish in America will send no more money to Ireland while this split continues. Close up your differences and you will receive all the money that Ireland requires to help her to get what she can." Mr. Cooke was one of the prominent Chicago men on whom Mr. Blake waited during his visit to Canada and the States—the visit for which Mr. Arthur O'Connor has since indicted him. To Mr. Blake the same statement was made by Mr. Cooke, as to the hopelessness of either side expecting money from the States during the split, and Mr. Blake left Chicago without attempting to hold a meeting.

After Ireland achieves home rule she will have to work out her destiny as best she can. It was for that great national purpose that America has subscribed money to Parnell and to Ireland in the past; and for that reason, while Irishmen, instead of working out their national destiny are quarreling among themselves, America will not now subscribe money. Mr. Cooke and family reached home, after a good voyage, early last week, all feeling in excellent health, and all delighted with their foreign experience, which embraced Continental as well as insular Europe.

IRISH NEWS.

Mary A. Carr, of Stewartstown, died a few days ago at the age of 101 years. She was in possession of all her faculties up to the time of her death.

John Bowen, postmaster, Eyrescourt, county Galway, has been appointed, on promotion, to the charge of the Naas postoffice, rendered vacant by the retirement of Miss Atkinson, who, for many years, filled the position of postmistress.

Mrs Pierce, a middle aged lady living at Rathmines, Dublin, was fatally burned on the 23d ult. The curtains and drapery about her bed became ignited accidentally, and soon spread to the bedding and her night clothing. She was shockingly disfigured about the face, head, arms and breast, and died from the injuries soon afterwards.

Larry O'Connor, the Waterford athlete, whose figure was so well known at all athletic meetings in the South of Ireland, died on Saturday, April 14, and on the following Sunday his remains were interred in the parish graveyard, Lukeswell, near Mullinavat.

The following Irish students are among those who passed at the April examinations for the triple qualifications—Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; and Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow: First examination, four years' course, John Henry O'Sullivan, Queenstown; Richard Edward Russell, Cork. Second examination, four years' course, Pierce Power, county Cork. Final examination, among the forty-eight who passed and were admitted L.R.C.P.E., L.F.P. and S.G. were Patrick Gabriel, Joseph Kennedy, county Tipperary; John Meade, Kilmallock, county Limerick; William Thomas Wood, county Cork; John Joseph Fitzgerald, Cork; Edmund Frewen O'Ryan, Tipperary.

At the recent Ballygawley petty sessions, Mrs. Mary Daly and her daughter, and Arthur Daly, residing in Shantaveney, were charged, at the instance of James (Ned) McClusker, special bailiff, Garveghey, with having unlawfully obstructed him in the execution of his duty on the 5th of April. Complainant said he went in company with Mr. Francis O'Neill, Ballygawley, one of the plaintiffs in the decree, to the premises for the purpose of carrying out an ejectment. Mary and Patrick Daly assaulted him. The latter took hold of his neck, and the woman said she would lose her life before she would give up possession. He was, subsequently, compelled to leave owing to the attitude of the defendants. The case was sent for trial to the July quarter sessions.

As the workmen in Cloyne Cathedral were preparing in the sanctury a foundation for the new mosaic pavement to be placed there they came upon two coffin-shaped structures of stone lying under the centre of the east end, the feet towards the east. Two skulls were found lying above them. Under these structures, says the Cork *Herald*, were vaults, which, however, were not opened, but must be of great antiquity from the nature of the stone work. At the north side of the sanctuary was found the tombstone of Bishop Johnson, with the inscription on it, "The burial place of Robert Johnson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Cloyne, promoted to that See by the favor and interest of his most esteemed and honored friend, Henry, Earl of Shannon, in the year 1759; died January 7, 1767. Whilst he lived the church never wanted a supporter, the honest man an advocate, nor the poor a friend." And at the south side that of Dean Rugge, the inscription on which was much effaced, and in many parts illegible, all that could be made out being some Latin words, to the effect that he died in the 72d year of his age, and was buried in the year 1671.

Arrangements have been made by the members of the Young Ireland League of Dublin for a great demonstration at Vinegar Hill on Sunday, May 27. Special trains will be run from Dundalk, Kildare, Maryborough and many other points. The *Leinster Leader* says: The fares will be so moderate that large numbers of sympathetic Irishmen will be enabled to visit this historic spot. The county Kildare will be well represented on the occasion. In the dark and evil days of '98 Kildare men played a prominent part, and it would be an easy task to enumerate a dozen places where deeds of daring were performed, the stories of which are told with pride around the peasants' hearth to this day. That the descendants of the men of Kildare should make a pilgrimage to Vinegar Hill to do honor to the brave men of Wexford is truly what could be expected, and we trust that in the towns of Naas, Newbridge, Kildare, and Rathangan committees will be appointed to see that such places shall not be unrepresented. The demonstration being in honor of the heroes of '98 will not be confined to any section of Nationalists, as the Parnellites and Federationists have combined in the good work and are laboring together to insure signal success. Enniscorthy has set a noble example by forming a committee embracing men of all shades of politics, who are determined to leave no stone unturned to make the meeting worthy of the memory of the men who battled and died for their country; and it is to be hoped they will have many followers in this respect. An address will be delivered by a competent speaker on the occasion, rehearsing the history of those stirring times, and describing the spot on which the meeting is to be held.

The American Tory.

A new type of citizen has appeared, the American Tory. There is nothing to equal it in the history of the world; it is utterly out of character with the age. The American Tory has a low opinion of the intelligence of the masses He goes farther in his skepticism than the most extreme Federalist of the last century. The prominent figures of Washington's time, even when urging constitutional safe-guards against sudden bursts of popular passion, had the most profound and convincing faith in the judgment of the people. That faith today is the key to national progress. An assault upon it is an assault upon the very hearthstone of the republic.

We raise a note of alarm at this time; we hear strange words from editors and from college professors, who cast wanton reflections upon the judgment and honesty of the average man; we see men of culture attempting to rescue aristocracy from the tomb where popular government has laid it, and to undo in the library and sanctum what was nobly done upon battlefields and in legislative halls.

It has come to such a pass that editors like E. L. Godkin, of the New York *Evening Post*, bemoan in so many words the rule of the people. Their meaning is unmistakable. Speaking in the *Forum* of the attitude of educated men toward universal suffrage, that is, manhood suffrage, Mr. Godkin says: "As a general rule I think they really mistrust or regret it, but accept it as the inevitable." Mr. Godkin's paper is patronized by men who control vast material interests, and we recognize in his voice the authority of powerful classes. Godkin is himself is nothing. As an editor he is a type. He is an apostle, as his paper is something of a gospel of the new dispensation of aristocracy in the land of freedom. He has hitched his wagon to a star that used to shine. He would prefer, as Richard Henry Lee did upon a certain occasion, that votes be weighed instead of counted. There are many editors in Godkin's class, and it is well that the issue they dare now to raise should be promptly and firmly met.—*Donahoe's Magazine for May.*

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

MANY VESSELS LOST.

TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF THE STORM ON THE LAKES.

Eight Vessels and Ten Lives Lost Off Chicago, and from That City to Milwaukee Twenty-Four Vessels Were Wrecked and an Equal Number of Lives Lost.

CHICAGO, May 20.—The northeast gale which began with the change of weather blew with increasing force all day. The gale approached the dignity of a hurricane, blowing at intervals at sixty miles an hour. The beach in the neighborhood of Chicago was a "lee shore." From Glencoe to South Chicago it was strewn with wreckage. Eight vessels came to grief and at least ten lives were sacrificed. The lumber fleet suffered most. The financial lose approaches $100,000, to say nothing of the injury to the Illinois Central's right of way. The scene off the lake front was unparalleled in Chicago's history and thousands of people turned out to witness the thrilling incidents of the day. Following are the vessels wrecked in the vicinity of Chicago:

Schooner Evening Star, Captain M. W. Kilton, went ashore at Twenty-sixth street; crew of five rescued by people on shore. Schooner C. G. Mixer, Captain Henry Ahebahs, went ashore at One Hundredth street; crew of seven rescued by South Chicago life saving crew. Schooner Myrtle, Captain Wilson, went down off Thirty-fifth street; crew of six drowned. Schooner Lincoln Dall, Captain S. Johnson, went ashore at Glencoe; Anton Gundersen, Manistee, Mich., deckhand; drowned; crew of four rescued by Evanston life saving crew. Schooner Jack Thompson, Captain Thomas Williams, went ashore at Twenty-sixth street; John Johnson, cook, drowned; crew of six saved by people on shore. Schooner J. Loomis McLaren, Captain K. Johnson, went ashore at Twenty-seventh street; J. Poland, mate, killed in midlake; crew of six rescued by police.

The List of Victims.

Schooner Mercury, Captain M. Shumer, went ashore at Twenty-sixth street; crew of seven rescued at the Illinois Central pier. Schooner Rainbow, Captain Pugh, fouled off the harbor and capsized by the Jack Thompson, and sank off Twelfth street; four men rescued from the vessel by the tug Spencer; the captain and two men went ashore on a hatchway at Twenty-sixth street. The number of lives known to have been lost is ten. The list is as follows: Anton Gunderson, Manistee, Mich., sailor on the Lincoln Dall, drowned at Glencoe; John Johnson, cook on schooner Jack Thompson, fell from the life line and was drowned; J. Poland, mate of the schooner J. Loomis McLaren, killed in midlake by a falling spar; Thomas Sidlo, tailor, Nineteenth and Morgan, swept from the government breakwater and drowned; six unknown men, crew of the Myrtle.

LIFE SAVERS DROWNED.

Futile Attempt to Rescue the Crew of the Schooner Shupe.

PORT HURON, Mich., May 19—A heavy northerly gale is blowing. The schooner William Shupe, owned by Captain Little, of this city, is reported water-logged off Port Sanilac. The tug Thompson attempted to reach her. After steaming against the waves for two hours the captain was unable to reach the schooner. The crew are in the rigging

The tug Thompson left here again with a rescuing party and a yawl and attempted to reach the schooner Shupe. They found the Shupe on a sand reef, six miles north of here and about a quarter mile from shore. The yawl left the tug and finally reached the wreck.

The painter from the yawl was taken by the crew aboard the Shupe when the yawl capsized, throwing the whole party into the water. There were five of them and all were drowned except Dan Lynn, who swam ashore and was taken out of the water nearly exhausted. The drowned men are: William Lewis, single; Captain Henry Little, married, a nephew of Captain Nelson Little of the Shupe; Captain Barney Mills, married, and Angus King, married. All leave families. The plan was to go to the wreck and take a line back to the tug or to the shore as might seem more feasible.

Later the Sand Beach life-saving crew took off all the Shupe's men, alive but much exhausted with their exposure.

OTHER VESSELS LOST.

Disasters Reported on the West Shore of Lake Michigan.

MILWAUKEE, May 19.—Although the gale was general on the upper lakes yet the west shore of Lake Michigan was the scene of disaster. Reports up to midnight indicate that twenty-four boats had been wrecked and twenty-four lives lost. The list of reported losses outside of Chicago is: Schooner M. J. Cummings, sunk, Milwaukee, six lives lost; schooner C. C. Barnes, ashore, Milwaukee; unknown schooner, ashore, Cudahy, Wis.; schooner Moses Gage, ashore, Michigan City; schooner Mineral State, scuttled, Elk Rapids, Mich.; schooner Surprise, ashore, Two River Point, Wis.; steamer E. S. Tice, ashore, Green Bay, Wis.

Scow St. Catherine, ashore, Sand Beach Mich. Schooner Myrtle Lamp, ashore, Menominee, Mich. Steamer Hudson, disabled, Lake Michigan. Schooner Emily Taylor, ashore, Manitowoc, Wis. Schooner Ishpeming, disabled, Alpena, Mich. Schooner Seizer, ashore, Menominee, Mich. Schooner William Shupe, probably ashore near Port Huron, Mich.; seven people aboard; no chance to survive. Schooner Christiana, anchor broken at Manitowoc, Wis.; adrift in the lake. Schooner Taylor, ashore at Two Creeks, Mich. Schooner American Union, ashore near Alpena, Mich., and breaking up. Fishing schooners, several; on Menominee, Mich., beach.

CUMMINGS' CREW LOST.

Dropped into the Water After Many Hours of Exposure.

MILWAUKEE, May 19.—Six lives were lost by the foundering of the schooner M. J. Cummings of Oswego in Milwaukee bay. After from six to ten hours' exposure in the rigging of the vessel the five men fell into the lake and were drowned. The other person dead, the female cook, died from exposure while lashed to the rigging. The dead are: Timothy Essaur, mate, Buffalo, N. Y.; cook, name unknown; John McCullough, captain; seaman, name unknown; Thomas Tuscott, seaman; unknown seaman, all of Marine City.

Personal Purity of Congressmen.

SARATOGA, May 2[illegible].—Among the overtures reported to the Presbyterian general assembly was one from the presbytery of New Albany upon the subject of personal purity of members of congress.

THE DRAG NET IS OUT.

Charges of Attempted Bribery of Senators To Be Looked Into.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—The star-chamber investigation into the senate scandals is now in progress and will continue for an indefinite time. Members of the investigating committee say that everybody supposed to know anything about the charges against senators will be summoned to testify. What the committee wants, the members say, is light. It is noticed, however, that what the committee does not want is publicity. The decision to take testimony bahind closed doors is condemned by every man who believes that the people have the right to know what their servants are doing in their name. Protests against the star-chamber method began to be received when the committee's decision became known.

They are still coming, but a summer zephyr has as much effect on the Washington monument as do these protests on the investigating committee, and the investigation will, the members say, continue behind closed doors till the last witness has been heard and a judgment reached. Public interest here in the investigation is at a much lower ebb since the announcement of the star chamber decision. It matters not that the members of the committee are honorable men. The public here looks for no disclosures and no convictions beyond finding guilty that insignificant and penniless carpet bagger, Buttz. Experience has told the people here that nothing is to be expected from star chamber investigations. Senator Palmer looks upon the inquiry as a waste of time. He expects nothing very important from it; neither does anybody else.

INJUNCTION DENIED.

Judge Bookwalter's Opinion in the Illinois Apportionment Case.

DANVILLE, May 21.—Judge Bookwalter has sustained the Illinois apportionment and denied the application of the petitioners for an injunction.

The decision is in favor of the Democrats. In a brief opinion the judge declared that his court cannot question the senatorial apportionment law of 1893, and therefore denies the petition of plaintiff, James P. Fletcher, Republican candidate for the legislature, who sought to enjoin Walter C. Tuttle, clerk of Vermilion county, from calling an election under the disputed statute. For want of equity the court dismissed the suit and declared that the costs must be paid by the Republican petitioner.

Colonel W. J. Calhoun was not in court to represent the plaintiff when the decision was read, but telegraphed that he would arrive later. He will give notice of an appeal and the court will grant it. State's Attorney Wilson was present in behalf of the defendant and, having prophesied the precise outcome of the case, was much elated over the finding of the court. Mr. Kimbrough, Attorney General Moloney's associate, came in and read the decision with much gratification.

ANARCHISTS EXECUTED.

One Man Guillotined and Six Shot to Death.

PARIS, May 21.—Emile Henry, the author of the explosion in the cafe of the Hotel Terminus, was guillotined. As Henry emerged from the prison gates he shouted: "Vive la anarchie," which he repeated just before he was seized and thrown on the guillotine. There was no disorder.

BARCELONA, May 22.—The six anarchists, Codina, Cerezuela, Sogas, Bernat, Villarubia and Mir, sentenced to death after having been convicted of complicity in the attempt of Pallas to assassinate Captain General Martinez Campos and of being concerned in the Liceo theatre bomb tragedy, were executed outside the citadel of Mont Juich.

The six anarchists were placed standing in a line with their faces to the wall. Standing at a short distance behind the condemned men was the firing party. At the first volley only four of the convicts fell dead and a second volley was necessary in the cases of Sogas and Codina to complete their execution. There was no disorder.

EXCITEMENT ON 'CHANGE.

July Wheat Jumps Up to 58 1-4—Armour & Co. Conspicuous Buyers.

CHICAGO, May 21.—The board of trade had another of its crazy fits. This time it was bears that got hurt by the flopping about of the price of wheat and corn. July wheat, which on Friday sold as low as 54¾ cents, and which on Saturday closed at 56¾, was wanted by nearly everybody at 57¾, and some were shouting at the same time bids of 57⅝ for it. That seemed too much of a jump to a good many and conspicuous among those was Pardridge, whose brokers poured 2,000,000 bushels into the crowd in about fifteen minutes.

Rosenkrans sold 750,000 bushels or more in the same time, and the market staggered and fell to 57 cents under that lead. It quickly pulled itself together again and before the first hour of the session had gone by the brokers were shouting for July wheat at 58¾ cents. P. D. Armour & Co.'s brokers were conspicuous among those who bought wheat when it was up to 58¾ cents.

DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY.

Indiana Odd Fellows Celebrate an Important Event.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 17.—Indiana Odd Fellows met here to celebrate the seventy-fifth or diamond university of the order. Thousands of Odd Fellows from all over the state are here and adjoining states have also sent a goodly number. A special train arrived from Chicago bringing about 500 Illinoisians. The city is decorated elaborately in honor of her guests. The feature of the day was the allegorical parade which took place in the afternoon and was the most pretentious in the city's history. Fourteen handsome floats representing the traditions and epochs of the order were followed by 12,000 to 15,000 marchers. The Order of Rebekah is also in session and took a prominent part in the celebration.

TERRIBLE RAILWAY WRECK.

Collision in a Tunnel in Which Eight People Are Killed.

PRINCETON, Ky., May 21.—A west-bound freight collided with a work train in Standing Rock tunnel, twelve miles east of here. The conductor, Nick Hill of the work train, and seven occupants of a boarding car attached to this train were killed and others injured. The trains fill the tunnel almost from end to end and it is impossible to get further particulars. Wrecking crews are at work.

GIVE THEM A WEEK.

Ultimatum of Soft Coal Mine Operators.

MINES TO BE OPENED NEXT MONDAY

The Men Given Until That Time to Return at Old Prices—Twelve Thousand Diggers Interested—Situation at the Mines Near Danville, Ills.—Workers Captured by Strikers and Held Captive in Pennsylvania—Notes of the Strike.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22.—An important meeting of bituminous coal mine operators from the central Pennsylvania region, where the miners are now on strike, was held in this city. Every operator in the district was present, and it was unanimously agreed that the men should be given until May 28 in which to return to work. If they fail to do so by that time the mines will be thrown open to whoever seeks employment and those men who decide to go to work will be protected by the operators. A resolution was adopted to the effect that the operators unanimously agree that it is impossible to pay their employes more than their present wages of 40 cents per ton for digging coal.

Prefer the Old Workmen.

The resolution says further that while the mine owners prefer to have the miners at work, if they do not care to resume the operators will take such measures as they may deem necessary to conduct their business. The territory represented at the meeting embraces what is known as the Clearfield and allied districts. Between 10,000 and 12,000 miners are employed, all of them being either Irish, Huns or Swedes, the first named race predominating.

SITUATION IN ILLINOIS MINES.

Strikers Trying to Close Things Up at Danville—Citizens Change Views.

DANVILLE, May 22.—Danville coal operators are anticipating serious trouble from the striking miners. A crowd numbering nearly 200 congregated at Ellsworth park, in this city, and marched to the small local mines of John Lloyd, William Alldredge and the Silver Pearl. By persuasion and threats they succeeded in stopping all work at these three mines. Then they marched to Hungry Hollow, a mining settlement three miles northwest.

Last Friday evening some one broke open the tool box at ex-Mayor John Beard's strip mine, three miles southeast of Danville, and threw several hundred dollars' worth of tools into the river. On Saturday a committee of the striking Consolidated Coal company's miners called on Mayor Beard for pecuniary assistance. "You find out the man who destroyed my property," said Beard, "and I will give you a hundred dollars. You might as well do it, for I intend, myself, to ascertain who it was and then, if necessary, spend a thousand dollars to send him to the penitentiary."

Mr. Beard is working a full force of men. He has determined that the striking Consolidated Coal company miners shall not close up his mine. The strikers have announced their intention of shutting down the mine that supplies the Danville water works with coal. This would place the city at the mercy of any fire that might break out. The citizens who have heretofore been friendly to the striking miners are now changing their views, and will insist that the operators who supply the local trade be allowed to mine coal.

One hundred and fifty men were at work in the Consolidated Coal company's mines at Mission Fields. Guards were stationed in the outskirts by the company and none permitted to approach. The striking miners hereabouts made no concerted movement against that place. The only mine they will permit to run in this vicinity is the one furnishing coal to the city water works. A coal famine is again imminent on the reclosing of these smaller mines.

Refused to Let the Men Work.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 22.—The Capitol Coal company, of this city, asked the officers of the state Miners' union to allow enough men to go to work to mine coal to supply the Springfield Paving Brick company with fuel to manufacture brick for the exposition building at the State fair grounds. The miners' officers refused the request. State Secretary Guymon said it would establish a bad precedent and that miners were out to stay until their demands were complied with.

Great Excitement at Latrobe.

LATROBE, Pa., May 23.—Interest in the strike situation here has the call over the flood excitement. The state of affairs is extremely critical in this region and trouble is imminent. The attempt to resume work by the Latrobe Coal company was met by ugly opposition, principally from a big mob of Slavs and Italians, who were armed with clubs, bars of iron, big steel files and other weapons equally formidable. Only one man was allowed to go to work.

Col. Rend Gives His Opinion.

CHICAGO, May 22.—"Within the next week I think operators in Ohio and Pennsylvania will reach the determination to put outside men to work in their mines," said Colonel W. P. Rend. "This may mean riot and bloodshed, but there is no alternative left us. President McBride, of the Miners' union, is attempting to create himself a dictator over the entire coal interests of the country."

River Men on the Rampage.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., May 22.—The river miners on the fourth pool took a turn at marching for the first time in the history of the strike. They assembled at Fayette City 600 strong and made a raid on the Kyle plant, capturing a number of the Frick company's men who had returned to work. The strikers took the workmen to their camp and now hold them captives there.

A Move Against the Strike.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., May 22.—The Leavenworth Coal company has decided to increase the price of mining 12½ cents on the ton, making it $1.12½, in order to make the men stand firm against strike agitators hanging around here. Other mines will make similar advances.

Miners Appoint a Committee.

PEORIA, Ills., May 22.—The striking miners have appointed a committee to confer with the board of trade committee with a view to seeing what can be done toward a settlement of the strike.

Two Children Drowned.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 22.—Two children of John Knoskoky, aged respectively 10 and 8, fell into a swollen creek and were drowned.

FLOOD AT WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Western Union Operators Forced to Abandon Their Instruments.

SUNBURY, Pa., May 21.—The operators in the Western Union telegraph office at Williamsport were forced to abandon their instruments. The water has reached a depth of four feet in the office. Passenger trains on the Pennsylvania road are only running as far as Dewart, and no trains are running over the Northern Central railroad between Williamsport and Elmira. Trains are running over the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road from Elmira to Scranton. No trains are running on the Pennsylvania road between Williamsport and Kane.

Trains from Harrisburg and Wilkesbarre are arriving in this city on schedule time. There is a serious washout on the Reading road below Williamsport and passengers are being transferred. No Reading trains can enter Williamsport, as their depot in that city is flooded and the tracks are under five feet of water. There is a ten-foot flood in this city and both branches of the river are rising. The flood in 1889 reached a depth of fifteen feet.

Later advices from Williamsport say: The water is six feet deep in the business portion of the city and rising slightly. The river is thirty-three feet above the low water mark—four feet higher than the highest point reached in 1889. The Philadelphia and Reading road bridge at Muncy is reported to have gone. Market street bridge in Williamsport has been partly swept away. Three out of four spans of the Maynard Street bridge have gone out.

There was a night of great anxiety at Johnstown and few residents in the lowlands closed their eyes. The business portion of the city is under water and at least $100,000 damage has been done. So far two lives have been lost but the names are not known. All day and night Friday and Saturday and all day Sunday the rains descended on Johnstown and the surrounding country. Sunday night there was great alarm when it was reported that the reservoir at Kittanning Point, a few miles west of Altoona, had broken. Fortunately the break was not as bad as at first reported. Four large crevasses were dug down the face of the dam by a wave which rolled across the lake and over its edge to the lowlands beneath. The wave is thought to have been caused by a cloudburst and this theory is borne out by the fact that there was but the one and that the water is now running over the spillway.

In the Schuylkill Valley.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21.—The flood condition in the Schuylkill valley is hourly growing more serious. The stream from Pottsville to Philadelphia is lined with big iron, cotton and flour mills and nearly all have suspended. At Manayunk, the mill district of Philadelphia, all the mills have suspended. Water four feet deep is rushing through the streets and the inhabitants are paddling about town in boats. Water is four feet deep in the great stock yards in West Philadelphia.

Rowboats for Street Cars.

WARREN, Pa., May 21.—Rowboats took the place of street cars here. All the streets in the lower districts are under water, but the rise was so gradual that no serious damage was done. No trains are running except between here and Erie.

CYCLONE IN OHIO.

Five People Are Killed and Much Property Destroyed.

KUNKLE, O., May 18.—A cyclone passed a quarter of a mile west of here, killing five persons, fatally injuring two others, and slightly wounding several more. The killed are: Daniel Barrett, right leg broken, arm torn off, and internally injured; Mrs. Barrett, legs torn from the body and entrails torn out; Martha Daso, head crushed; Myrta Daso, injured internally, and died later; George Oxinger, body beaten into a shapeless mass. The injured are: Charles Cole, fatally hurt internally; Mrs. Cole, head crushed, will die; Jennie Green, slightly bruised, will recover.

The scene of the cyclone is a hard one to describe. Houses, barns, fences, trees and obstructions of all kinds in the path of the storm have been carried away and nothing left to mark the spot where they stood except huge holes in the ground. The section devastated is about one quarter of a mile wide and six miles in length, the great funnel-shaped cloud traveling in an irregular southeasterly course.

Swift-Hopkins Election Contest.

CHICAGO, May 21.—The Swift-Hopkins election contest was called before Judge Scales in the county court. Attorney Robinson appeared for John S. Miller, attorney for Mr. Swift, and entered a motion that the clerk of the election commissioners be instructed to bring the ballots into the county court, that they might be opened and counted. A. W. Green for Mayor Hopkins answered the motion by stating that as the ballots were part of the evidence they could not now be brought into court in reply to a bill of demurrer. The court sustained Mr. Green and overruled the motion.

Cozey and Brown Sentenced.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—Commonwealers Coxey, Browne and Jones were sentenced by Judge Miller, in the police court to twenty days in jail for violating the statute of the United States prohibiting the display of partisan banners in the Capitol grounds. Coxey and Browne were also fined $5 each for trespassing on the grass, the alternative being another ten days in jail. Jones was acquitted on the last charge.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

BAY CITY, Mich., May 19.—The boiler in F. C. Ross' planing mill exploded, killing Engineer George Closson, fatally injuring John Clegg and wounding John Scarth, Henry Neal and Stephen Alyea and his son. The force of the concussion broke plate glass windows three blocks away and damaged dwellings and business houses within an area of a half mile.

Chicago Aldermen Indicted.

CHICAGO, May 19.—Alderman John Brennan of the Eighteenth ward was indicted by the special grand jury for bribery. The jury had already indicted two other aldermen—McGillen of the Twelfth ward and Coughlin of the First—and twenty other persons for various election frauds.

Could Not Reach Agreement.

CLEVELAND, May 18.—The conference between the coal operators and miners failed to reach an agreement and adjourned. The miners held a final consultation at which it was decided to continue the fight until the operators agree to restore the old scale.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

ROCKFORD, May 18.—With the election of officers the twenty-eighth annual encampment of the Illinois G. A. R. came to a close last evening. H. H. McDowell, of Pontiac, was elected department commander on the second ballot; E. A. Keeler, of Irving Park, senior vice; J. J. Inman, of Springfield, junior vice; Dr. W. P. Pierce, of Hoopston, medical director, and Frank C. Bruner, of Urbana, chaplain. The delegates to the national encampment at Pittsburg were unanimously instructed to vote and work for Colonel T. G. Lawler, of Rockford, for commander-in-chief.

The W. R. C., had a big row in their convention, the friends of Mrs. M. R. M. Wallace, of Chicago, stealing a march on Mrs. Sophie R. Spaulding, of Rockford. While the latter's friends were at lunch at noon they took a vote on president and elected Mrs. Wallace president by 44 majority. The Spaulding delegates are very much exasperrted. The other W. R. C. officers are—Senior vice president, Mrs. Carrie Briggs, Delavan; junior vice, Mrs. Jennie G. Harrison, Sterling; treasurer, Mrs. Mary E. McCauley, Olney; chaplain, Mrs. Morris, Marengo.

The ladies of the G. A. R elected these officers: President, Mrs. Z. R. Winlow, Chicago; senior vice president, Mrs. Quinton, Aurora; junior vice president, Mrs. Mary E. Polk, Lagrange; treasurer, Mrs. Hume, Chicago.

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Train Derailed at a Switch.

EFFINGHAM, Ills., May 21.—Passenger train No. 24, was wrecked at Watson, five miles south of this city. Heavy timbers were wedged into the frogs of the switch at the south end and the passenger train left the track and collided with a freight on a switch, overturning the passenger engine, smashing the mail car and derailing three express cars. Fireman Charles Walters, of the freight engine, was painfully injured and George Baker, of the passenger engine, was also injured.

New Illinois Health Association.

SPRINGFIELD, May 19.—The State Health association has been organized under the name of the Society of Illinois Boards of Health, auxiliary to the state board of health. Dr. W. E. Turney, of Chicago, president of the state board of health, was elected president, and Dr. John W. Scott, of Springfield, secretary to the state board of health, secretary, with a vice president from each congressional district, the health commissioner of Cook county to act for the six Cook county districts.

Kelly Speaks at Quincy.

QUINCY, Ills., May 23.—"General" Kelly addressed a large audience in the city hall last evening. Kelly said that with the additions to his army here and those awaiting him at St. Louis it numbered 1,650. If this number was insufficient he would take 10,000 to Washington. He promised to take the regiment to Washington "in spite of hell" if he lives. His audience was in full sympathy with him, and quite a sum of money was collected.

Stockholders Want a Receiver.

DECATUR, Ills., May 22.—Stockholders representing a majority of the $50,000 capital stock of the Scott Manufacturing company, have asked Judge Vail to appoint a receiver for the company. They claim that it lost $5,000 last year, will lose that much this year, and now owes $12,000, while the business is not worth $6,000.

Chinch Bugs Show Up in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, May 18.—The state board of agriculture has received a report on the appearance of chinch bugs in Effingham, Macoupin, Washington and Jefferson counties, in which requests were made for the best means of extermination.

Paying Off Pullman Strikers.

CHICAGO, May 21.—Vice President Wickes of the Pullman works announced that the Pullman company would not recede from its position. Said he: "As soon as the men are paid off that ends their connection with us and what they will do can not be told. There is no prospect of opening the works in the near future." Clerks at once began paying the strikers the wages due them.

King Alexander of Servia has suspended the constitution and restored that of 1869. He has also appointed a new council of state, with ex-Premier Christics as president.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Dr. Talmage will not again assume charge of the Brooklyn tabernacle unless $280,000 in cash is raised for a new building and site.

The Mayomba and Lukungo districts of the Congo Free State are in a disturbed state, and four Belgian agents have been murdered within ten days.

Resolutions opposing Breckinridge's return to congress and calling on Senator Blackburn to aid to bring about his defeat were adopted by a massmeeting at Lexington, Ky.

It is officially declared that cholera exists in seven governments in the south of Russia.

The police found a bomb in front of the Church of St. Jacques, Liege. The fuse had not been lighted. A Russian suspected of having placed the bomb was arrested in Amsterdam.

In a battle between the Tuaregs and the Tibboos, near Kawar, central Soudan, the Tibboos lost seventy men killed and a large number of their force was wounded.

* * *

Nim Young, colored, was lynched at Ocala, Fla., for assaulting Lizzie Weems, a 16-year-old white girl.

John Dyall shot and killed his nephew, William McEachem, and wounded Andrew McEachem at Baxley, Ga.

A testimonial is being prepared by his former employes for the Hon. Frank M. Palmer, recently succeeded as public printer by Mr. Benedict.

Benjamin Myles of Youngstown, O., was killed by a railroad train.

R. W. Merryman & Co. of Marinette, Wis., have sold to the Soper Lumber company of Chicago 8,000,000 feet of white pine lumber, this season's cut, at an unknown price.

As soon as a crossing of the Big Four can be made at Carbon, the Chicago and Southeastern will begin running trains to Brazil, Ind.

Levi P. Clinton, a student at Bates' college, is a full blooded negro and a descendant of royalty in Africa, his great-grandfather having been a king.

* * *

Clarence Schulte, father of eight children, was arrested at St. Louis on a charge of embezzling $4,000 from the J. H. Rottman Distilling company.

Miss Rachel Frank of California is soon to be made a Jewish rabbi.

Tennessee bankers' convention at Memphis passed resolutions opposing the repeal of the state bank tax law.

The Indiana Haymakers at Anderson elected H. C. Keeler president; D. G. Niblock, vice president; C. E. Nobles, secretary; Perry Burr, treasurer.

Burglars blew open the safe of Montague Bros. in Delaware, Ky., setting fire to the building and destroying it and the dry goods store of R. W. Ward. Loss, $12,000; insurance, $3,000.

J. S. Monroe, a gry goods merchant at Sullivan, Ills., shot himself and will probably die.

Bishop John P. Newman recently presided at the opening exercises of the new American institute for females at Rome.

In consequence of the coal strikes in the United States several Scotch coal owners were asked to tender a number of ship loads of coal for New York.

* * *

The late Henry W. Grady's son, of the same name, has been admitted to the bar in Atlanta. The young man is believed to have a bright future.

Captain James Wilson of Findlay was elected president of the Mexican war veterans of Ohio at Findlay.

James Marshall, an insurance agent of Jackson, Mich., was drowned at Joliet, Ills. His body was recovered.

Hasha Deartobbi, a Spaniard, fatally cut William McCullough, a fellow convict, in the prison at Jeffersonville, Ind.

Edward Cool was acquitted at Lafayette, Ind., of the charge of attempted murder of Luke Lowe and Obahiah Haller, his plea being insanity.

Slight shocks of earthquake were experienced in the Annandale and Eskdale hills, near Dumfries, Scotland.

Judge Friedley, at Madison, Ind., ordered the foreclosure of mortgages for $120,000 on the Louisville and Madison woolen mills. Reorganization will follow the sale.

George Fuller, fisherman, was fatally cut by Ed Comine in a saloon fight at Jeffersonville, Ind.

* * *

A member of the Schnasse Lumber company of Elwood, Ind., swore out a warrant for the arrest of Elmer Waite, a collector of Elwood, charging him with embezzlement.

The Populists of the Second Indiana congressional district have nominated E. A. Riggins of Daviess county for congress.

The Populists of the First Kansas district are expected to nominate John F. Willitts for congress, refusing to fuse with the Democrats.

George Barnes was indicted at Des Moines by the federal grand jury on two counts, charging him with having been found with large quantities of stolen stamps in his possession.

Armistead Rice was hanged at Eutaw, Ala., for the murder of Burwell Kimbro. John Hanson, who slew his wife, paid the extreme penalty at Astoria, Or.

The Republican congressional convention of the Tenth Iowa district will be held July 10. There is no opposition to the renomination of Congressman Dolliver.

I Was Very Nervous

During the spring. My appetite was poor, my bowels in bad shape, I had no strength, could not sleep even when I was tired, and when I got up in the morning I felt more tired than if I had walked 20 miles. In fact, had no energy at all. I was urged to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and can say what thousands have said before, that it worked wonders for me—gave me strength, appetite, vigor and energy for work. I feel now that life is worth living. I am so grateful to Hood's Sarsaparilla that I feel it my duty to write this voluntarily." EDWARD O. DOHERTY, Dover, N. H.

Mr. Doherty.

Be sure to get HOOD'S, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

The details of the singular disappearance of John Freeman have come to me from various sources. Some slight discrepancies in dates I have been enabled to correct from an old volume of the Saunders News Letter. By the kindness of the authorities of Dublin Castle I was permitted to inspect and take copies of the official reports sent in by the police subinspector of the district. Along with these reports I found tied up a number of letters of a more private character written by the same police officer and addressed to the same superior to whom were forwarded the official reports.

I had at first intended to tell the story myself. With that intention I wrote to each of the four brothers who separately and together figured in the singular events hereafter described, requesting of them more exact information than I already possessed. They replied not only at such length, but with such unexpectedly vivid realism that their various narratives, in spite of some literary shortcomings, seemed to me to need only a little editorial revision to fit them for publication. I perceived that I would more prudently play the part of editor than of original author. Accordingly I decided and let the brothers Freeman tell their own story. When their narratives overlapped, I simply used the scissors. When too minute or too wandering, I struck my pen through the redundancies, or what appeared to me to be such, endeavoring to secure a little more brevity and conciseness.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES FREEMAN'S LETTER.

In the month of July, 1854, my eldest brother, John Freeman, suddenly and most unaccountably was taken from us. One fine afternoon, being in good health and spirits, he went fishing and never returned. At lunch he was very pleasant and even jocose, making us youngsters laugh so immoderately that my father was at last obliged to interfere, and one of my brothers was sent out of the room in disgrace. All the events of that terrible day are imprinted on my mind with the clearness of visuality. I can still see the funny faces with which, when my father was not looking, he threw us into uncontrollable laughing fits. He had but just returned from Trinity college for summer vacation and was full of all sorts of joyous plans and projects for spending a good time at home. Poor fellow, he little knew what this vacation had in store for him.

For a boy like my brother, and indeed for all of us, few rural neighborhoods could have been more delightful than ours. There were mountain streams abounding with trout, and streams which needed only a night's rain, sometimes merely a heavy shower, to supply good fishing. When the streams were not flooded, he often brought home a good basket of brown trout and white taken in the pools and holes with a mere shrimping net which he made himself and was something like a large and long handled landing net. There were good trout lakes, too, in the mountains. Of sea fishing, both from boats and from the rock, he was very fond; he was at the latter sport—viz, fishing for cunner from a rock—when he so mysteriously disappeared. The Atlantic, beating against a very wild and almost ironbound coast, lay less than a mile from our home. My father, a clergyman of the Church of Ireland before the world suspected it to be "a upas tree," was incumbent of a very large parish—in fact, three parishes rolled into one—which extended many miles along the seacoast and far into the interior. There were no resident gentry and no preservation of game. No one but my brother had a gun in all the countryside, so that the shooting was all ours, and there was shooting in summer as well as winter, for in summer we shot curlews, cave pigeons, rabbits and hares. Puss abounded in the region, and while there were no harriers and no greyhounds Jack was, in fact, not only a great sportsman, but the only sportsman in the country. Enemies he had none, so that his mysterious disappearance could not be ascribed to any personal malignity. All the country people were fond of him, and I think proud of him. They were always bringing him news of "the whereabouts" of otters, badgers, coveys of partridges, etc., and would run across the fields leaving their work to learn the contents of his bag, or would shout from afar when they saw him returning with rod or gun, "Well, Master John, what luck?" No, we never suspected for a moment, not until months after his disappearance, that he had been made away with by an enemy or had met with any foul play. And yet in broad daylight, less than a mile from the rectory, my brother suddenly disappeared, vanished as utterly as if he had been sucked down into the bowels of the earth or drawn up into the sky.

The day was the 10th of July, and a singularly fine day even for that time of the year. It was the day after his return from college, and he was quite running over with spirits. When I awoke early that morning, I heard him whistling outside the windows on the lawn. The air was "Vilikins and His Dinah," a song much in vogue at the time. He always came home with a new tune and never seemed to tire of it till he got another. When I looked out, he was walking to and fro on the lawn taking the twist out of a new fishing line. He had fastened one end of it to a little holly tree standing there and was diligently engaged in taking out the twist, which indeed is a tedious process. During the forenoon and on till dinner time he seemed keenly and happily absorbed in similar avocations—viz, getting his fishing gear in order. We youngsters were confined to the schoolroom all that time, which we considered unfair, inasmuch as it was Jack's first day at home, but we could hear him bustling about the place and everlastingly whistling "Vilikins and His Dinah." Once we heard an awful screaming of geese in the rear regions. We knew perfectly well the cause of it. Jack was pursuing them and plucking out their thin wing feathers in order to tie pollock flies. A little after noon he came into the schoolroom and asked the tutor, Mr. Humphreys, to let me go to the village to buy him some wire. He gave me a penny for the wire and a penny for myself. In those days I considered a penny a handsome tip. He wanted the wire to make line eyes for his big rod, that which he used for sea fishing. He also had me call at the shoemaker's and get a piece of wax. I mention all this because on his disappearance some foolish people said that he had run away, a supposition which no member of the family harbored for a single instant. He was, in fact, brimful of sporting intentions. At 3 we dined, when, as I have described, he made those funny faces and set us all on the roar. When dinner was over and we ran out, there was a boy at the hall door with a box of bait in his hand, consisting partly of cockles, partly of what we used to call lugworms. They are dug up in the mud of the seashore when the tide is out. This boy had been digging bait for Jack all the morning. He asked Jack to let him go with him to Dhu-Corrig, and Jack refused.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said my second brother, Ned.

"To Dhu-Corrig for cunner," he said, "and let none of you follow me if you value your lives."

Young as I was, by a certain sympathy, or I know not what, I saw why he wished to be alone. It was to indulge in his transports and talk, sing and do what he pleased and so let off his animal spirits and delight at being home again without witnesses. I generally knew or felt what was passing in his mind. Indeed I was very much attached to him, though he took hardly any notice of me.

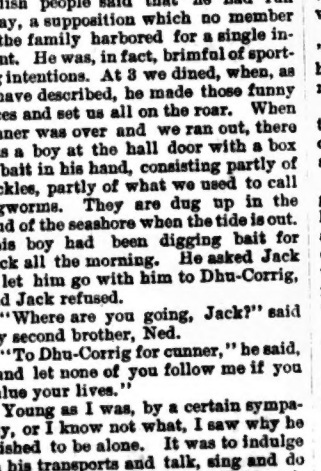
"I shall slay the wily cunner, Ned," he went on, "till the sun is just that high above the western main.

"Sing tooral-al-ooral, al-ooral-al-lee,

"and then, on with the white feather, and in with pollock and crohogues till Apollo is half way to the north in his silver boat and black night invests the sea.

"For a cup of cold p'ison it lay by her side.
And the billet doux it stated 'twas by p'ison she died.
Sing tooral-al-ooral, al-ooral-al-lee."

Off then he marched down the avenue with the little box of bait in his left hand and his rod on his right shoulder, crunching the gravel noisily, for he was a large and stout lad. The two dogs followed close at his heels with their tails down, for they feared that they would be turned back. So they were, at the gate, and when they still showed signs of following he stooped down and flung stones toward them. Shortly afterward I heard him shout, "Jer!" "Sir," answered a voice from a neighboring field. "Come to Dhu-



He flung stones toward them.

Corrig an hour after sunset to bring home the fish." "I will, sir," answered the voice. Then I heard more faintly in the distance the plaintive notes of "Vilikins and His Dinah," an odious song, by the way. So my brother Jack left home that 10th of July, 1854, and was not seen again. As will be quite evident, he could have had no intention whatever of running away, and yet that was the explanation of his disappearance which was favored by every one outside our own family.

CHAPTER II.

AND DOES NOT RETURN.

I know not why, but I had an uneasy feeling about Jack all that day, and it increased after he had left the rectory for Dhu-Corrig. For some time this uneasy feeling took no precise shape, but later on I began to picture to myself "a tidal wave" sweeping him off the rock, and having a lively imagination saw the imaginary scene clearly and Jack struggling for his life in the water. In the previous summer three tenants of ours in a different part of the country, all fathers of families, had been so swept off the rocks while fishing cunner and drowned. Though I reminded myself that Jack was a splendid swimmer and diver and could do anything in the water, I could not get rid of the vague sense of coming calamity of which I was conscious all day, and which became greater and greater as the sun set and darkness came on.

"Might not Jack be attacked by cramp," I thought, "when in the water?" True, he never had had a cramp, nor did I know of any one who was ever assailed in that way, but I had heard a great deal of talk about the cramp. I was sent to bed early, for I was only 8 years old, but I could not sleep. I kept listening for the barking of the dogs. In the previous summer that was to me the usual sign that Jack had returned safe from fishing. It was now long after dark. My two elder brothers, Ned and Sam, came into the room with a lamp. We then slept in the same room, Ned and Sam in one large bed; I in a little timber bedstead, with high sides, over which I had to climb in getting in and out. Ned put the lamp on the table opposite the looking glass and leaned over it. He took a pin and began to push up the wick. It was a primitive little lamp. I have not seen such since I was a boy. There was usually a fat red head on the top of the wick, which had to be snuffed just as we used to snuff the candles.

"Jack is out late tonight," he said. "I hope nothing has happened him."

"What could happen him?" said Sam, who was of a more stolid character. While saying this he undid the serpent fastened belt which confined his wagoner. In those days boys wore loose white blouses gathered round the waist by a belt. We used to call them wagoners.

"I don't know," replied Ned, "but 'tis very late. There's papa opening the hall door and listening. How still the night is!"

"He's drowned," I cried from my truckle bed. "The tidal wave has caught him as it caught Cody, Phillips and Moroney last year."

"Hold your tongue, you little ass, and go to sleep," answered Ned angrily, but he threw down the window, leaned out and listened. There was a corncrake crying somewhere outside. The moon was shining. I could hear the distant roar of the sea when it rolled up the white strand that we called Tramore.

"This is getting bad, Sam," he said. "He's long after his time."

Sam was in bed, but sitting up and listening with bright eyes. I heard my father moving about below stairs ceaselessly from the hall door to the parlor and back again and talking with my mother.

"There's some one coming," said Ned. The dogs were indeed barking but not for Jack, that I knew well.

"Pooh! 'tis only old Jer."

"Well, Jer," he cried from the window, "where are the fish? Why isn't Master John with you?"

To these questions there was no audible reply.

Jer was one of my father's laborers, who worked, or rather elaborately idled, upon the extensive glebe farm which was attached to the rectory. It will be remembered that it was Jer whom my brother told to come to Dhu-Corrig after sunset. Jer made no reply to Ned's questions. I heard him scrunching the gravel as he walked slowly to the hall door.

"What is he saying?" I cried.

"Sh!" said Ned, with his head on one side, listening. The man was saying something to my father at the hall door. "He says he found the bait box on the rock, but no rod, and that Jack is not there, and that he shouted for him everywhere and got no answer. Get up, Sam; we must go search."

Sam sprang at once with a bound upon the floor and dressed in haste.

"Perhaps he left Dhu-Corrig," he said, "in one of the boats going out for night fishing."

"Then why did he leave the box of bait behind him?" retorted Ned.

"Forgot it," answered Sam, dressing furiously. The house was by this time in confusion, with servants rushing to and fro, exclamations, interrogations and my father's voice raised. Then I heard somewhere the sound of a horn. The countryside was being called out to search. I was alone now. Ned and Sam were far away in the night. From the window I could see many torches moving swiftly southwest in the direction of Dhu-Corrig. I heard the faintest words and most distant noises owing to the extreme stillness of the night. Fear, I suppose, too, made my hearing preternaturally acute. I remained at the open window a long time till I was discovered there by my mother, shivering and coughing, and compelled to return to bed. She was in tears, though, perhaps to comfort me, she said: "Go to sleep, darling. Jack will be here when you wake in the morning. Of course he has gone out in one of the deep sea fishing boats." It was discovered, however, ere long that none of the boats which used to go out far from land had gone out that night owing to stress of haymaking.

At last I fell asleep. When I woke in the morning and sat up, I found my two brothers lying on the bed outside the bedclothes fast asleep, but not undressed. I knew from this that Jack had not been found. I dressed and went into Jack's room. It was empty. I then went down stairs. There were voices in my father's study. The door was open. I saw my father standing and my mother sitting down, both very pale and my mother weeping.

It was still the gray dawn of the day. My parents not having noticed me, I set out for Dhu-Corrig and ran all the way. The place was crowded with fishermen and country people, among whom were several policemen and coast guards in blue jackets and white trousers. There were boats off the rock which were being slowly rowed along. The men in them were dragging the sea bottom here with grappling irons. Just then a police orderly rode up on a foaming horse. He received some fresh directions from Mr. Watkins, the constabulary officer of the district, and galloped off again. Every one indeed was at his wits' ends for it was quite impossible to frame any theory of the disappearance which would square with known facts. One boat had gone bream fishing the previous afternoon. The people in it said that they had seen my brother on the rock, and that he had hailed them as they rowed past in a cheerful and friendly manner. That was the last seen or heard of him. That he had been drowned no one in the neighborhood could believe, though the coast guards for want of anything else to do were dragging the sea bottom. There were other boats out, too, boats that went miles to the north and miles to the south searching and at intervals crying out, hoping against hope that there might be some response. Presently my elder brothers, Ned and Sam, came down to the rock and roughly had me go home. They joined Mr. Watkins, who questioned them for a long time. The last hope was that in obedience to a sudden impulse he had walked off to visit some of our distant friends, for a 20 or 30 mile walk was nothing to him. But no tidings of any kind reached us as day followed day. No one had heard of him or seen him anywhere since the bream fishers passed him on the rock when he hailed them as I have already described.

CHAPTER III.

SAMUEL WATKINS ON THE DISAPPEARANCE.

I have to report a very mysterious disappearance which took place in this neighborhood last Wednesday, the 10th inst. The eldest son of our rector, the Rev. Mr. Freeman, left home in the afternoon to go fishing and never returned. He was seen by a boat's crew shortly afterward fishing from the rock to which he had announced that he would go for that purpose. For reasons which I need not set down I am absolutely certain that he did not run away. That he slipped from the rock and was drowned is also well nigh incredible, for he was a splendid swimmer and a remarkably athletic and spirited young man. Nor is it credible that he met with foul play in such a spot and at such a time, for he had nothing with him to excite cupidity; he was very popular, too, in the neighborhood, and after making many secret inquiries I do not believe that he had an enemy in the whole countryside. It is possible no doubt that from some other part of the country an enemy may have followed him hither, killed him unawares on the rock and flung his body into the sea. The ground, however, has been carefully dragged under my direction by the coast guards of the adjoining station. They found nothing, not even his rod, which disappeared along with him. Subsequently I secured the services of the diver who is at work on the construction of the Coosdarig pier for the board of works. He came next day with his diving apparatus and assistants and made a careful inspection of the ground without discovering anything. If young Freeman was drowned here, his rod, weighted as it was by a heavy brass reel, should have been found. Altogether the case is mysterious, nor can I frame any theory which would rationally account for it. I have caused advertisements to be inserted in all the Connaught papers giving a description of young Freeman.

SAMUEL WATKINS.

MY DEAR HARRY—You cannot imagine how much I have been upset about this affair, which is now a week old, but which still supplies me with as much perplexity and as much sorrow and pain as if it occurred only yesterday, indeed a great deal more. John Freeman, the lost boy—I find it hard to picture him as anything but a boy—has been known by me intimately since he was 18 years of age. I can honestly say that I have never known a finer, braver, more honorable and more affectionate lad. He is not exactly handsome, though he has the brightest and fieriest eyes of glowing hazel that I ever saw and a very beautiful mouth; nor clever, yet at the same time not deficient in intelligence. What has always attracted me to him is partly a certain simplicity which neither public school life nor college life has yet succeeded in impairing, and something in his manner and expression which suggests that he not only never did entertain but never could entertain a mean thought. I have known him intimately since he first went to school, and you may be assured he is all that I represent him and more. He is absolutely without vice, though I hear that during the last term he has begun to smoke a little. As to physique, though not tall, he is the strongest and almost the most athletic youth whom it has ever been my good fortune to meet, large limbed, muscular and brimful always of the most perfect health and unfailing good spirits. As a swimmer and diver I never saw his equal. I have often seen him strip on a wild day in December or January and swim long distances to recover some curlew or pigeon which he had shot. But enough of this. Suffice it to say that not only as the constabulary officer of this district, but as his own close personal friend, the astonishing and mysterious disappearance of poor Freeman under the circumstances detailed in the official report has been to me a most severe blow. I have done and am doing my best. But every night finds me here in my den cogitating aimlessly over this tragedy, for the worst of it is that I am unable even to imagine a theory which will in the least square with the facts. I must at least seem to be doing something. I frame now one theory of the disappearance, now another, and send out my men and institute searching parties on the assumption that those theories are correct, but at the same time I know that so far from being correct they are in each case incredible and even absurd. Every one looks to me to solve the mystery, to recover the body or explain at least how he was killed or stolen, and I am no more able to do so than to translate Confucius from the original Chinese.

When you were with me last summer, the Freeman family were away from home, but you remember the position of the rectory, which is visible from the rock behind my cottage, and its situation with respect to the rock called Dhu-Corrig, which lies at the end of this picturesque valley. The Rev. Mr. Freeman is a gentleman for whom I have always felt a great respect, but one with whom I was never able quite to hit it off, and our relations have latterly become very strained indeed. I could never get into the habit of steady churchgoing. If I went to morning service, I staid away from evening ditto, and sometimes without valid excuse have omitted both morning and evening service. My behavior appeared still worse when contrasted with that of the coast guard officer, old Crumpe, who as regularly as the bell tolls on Sunday morning and Sunday evening and Wednesday evening, too—for we have a service then also—may be seen, usually with a cigar in his mouth, but always with a big Bible adorned with blue markers under his arm, wending his way to the house of prayer. Long since Mr. Freeman began to speak to me about my irregularities and at first in a perfectly polite manner. I promised amendment, but did not amend. Then as "the pastor of my flock," such was his expression, he spoke to me very sternly indeed about the duty incumbent on all progressing Christians of attending the house of God. Both the manner and the matter of these exhortations I resented, always, I hope, remembering that he was not only a clergyman, but an elderly man, and of proud piety and rectitude. I said nothing calculated to offend, but I felt myself becoming stiff necked and rebellious and all the old Adam rising strong within me, and I dare say this came out in my manner and the tones of my voice.

But things reached their climax not long after you left me and when Mr. Freeman and his family had returned to the rectory from a short visit to an adjoining country, where he has a small landed estate, very much mortgaged, I believe, and a residence called Castle Cove. The family spend a fortnight or three weeks there every summer and were about to make their annual migration when John Freeman was lost. There is an old maiden lady in this parish who delights in giving the most trivial conversation a theological turn. One unlucky day while visiting at her house in company with my wife I became so daring and free spoken as to declare that in my opinion the days mentioned in the first book of Genesis were ages or long intervals of time and not days in our sense of the word. I believe that in Dublin such an opinion would pass without exciting astonishment, and indeed I have been told that it is held by some clergymen of piety and repute. A few days later I was subjected to a very pastoral visit from Mr. Freeman. I refused to retract my heresy, was obliged

I refused to retract my heresy.

to listen to language of a very cutting description indeed, and ever since my relations with Mr. Freeman have been, as I have said, strained, and our mutual salutations of the very coldest character. He thinks I am corrupting the flock, and I think—well, no more of that now. If he was harsh and censorious then, he is plunged in deep tribulation now.

The next brother is Edward, a tall, loose jointed, black eyed and merry stripling, far more popular than John, owing to his pleasant ways and ready speech, greatly devoted to flute playing and performances on the cornet-a-piston, and a magnificent leaper and swimmer, though by no means as powerful and athletic as his brother John, who—but I think I have sufficiently described him already. There is no girl. Next comes Sam, who is somewhat of a nondescript, a staid, self contained, stubborn sort of boy. The fourth son is a little boy called Charley, a weird looking child, all eyes, like a young crow, and who never laughs. Mrs. Freeman is as quiet and unassuming as her husband—at least where his pastoral authority and sense of theological duty are concerned—is not. She is kind, gentle, most hospitable, a truly Christian lady.

You have now a rapid sketch of this bereaved family, which if this mystery produces any fresh complexities or developments, as I suspect it will, may be of service to you for the better understanding of my subsequent letters. It may, too, put you into a better position for giving me a hint or clew concerning any possible explanation of the mystery which may suggest itself to you. Of such be not sparing, write at length, fully weighing and considering all the facts. Was John Freeman drowned or murdered or spirited away and hidden, or did he run away, or was he swept off by the tide and picked up by a passing ship? Consider all the possibilities and write. When we were at the depot together, I remember you used to guess out the mystery of a novel from the first few chapters. This disappearance is curiously like the first chapter of a novel. Bring your guessing and solving powers to bear upon it and oblige,

yours truly, SAMUEL WATKINS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Good Business Women.

"It is very much easier to transact business with women than it was a score of years ago," said a lawyer who has much to do with the settling of estates. "Formerly I found it next to impossible to get women to understand even simple legal terms, and as for any technical phraseology I might just as well have talked Greek to them. But I had a client the other day that it was actually a pleasure to do business with. She was a woman in middle life, and one whom I would never have expected to find so intelligent on such subjects, but she entered into the argument, went through all of the intricacies, and followed me through the devious ways of a complicated real estate transaction in a fashion that not only delighted but amazed me.

"I note with the greatest pleasure a growing tendency in this direction. I could wish that I might live in the first half of the next century, for I fancy that society and the business world in general will be in a very much better state than it is at present. I believe the fathers of daughters will live long enough to see their girls reflecting quite as much credit on them by their business faculties as ever their sons did.

"It is all very well to talk about women in business and say disparaging things of them and indulge in all sorts of little vicious slaps and uncharitable remarks, but when one comes down to actual facts the business woman of today stands well up in the ranks. When there are taken into consideration the obstacles they have to contend with and their newness in this sort of work, this is not the least remarkable feature of the situation. The country is full of women who raise their families with great credit to themselves and meanwhile conduct various sorts of business with the very best of financial results. Comparatively little is said about it on account of a tendency in the minds of many men to discourage and belittle anything that looks like feminine competition in the business world. But all these men are wasting their time and strength. The movement is well started and is going on with a force as resistless as all of the other processes of evolution."—New York Ledger.

Music as Medicine.

At the St. Pancras infirmary there was a female patient suffering from melancholia, to whom they played a lullaby. After the performance she told a nurse that she liked it very much. On this the superintendent of the infirmary said, "This is the first time she has spoken for a fortnight." Shortly afterward a male patient suffering from delirium tremens was brought into the ward. On hearing the first notes of the music he became quite calm and attentive, though his attendant had been half afraid to bring him on account of outbreaks of violence.

Results like these have since been frequently obtained by the guild, and they are certainly most encouraging. They are all, it will be seen, in the direction of distracting the mind from pain and soothing mental irritation. In order to test the hypnotic effect of soft music the guild made the experiment of playing lullabies to a ward of 14 patients, along with Dr. Collins, one of the physicians to the hospital. In spite of distracting noises, unhappily inseparable from the ward of a London hospital, they got the following results: Dr. Collins "found it an effort to keep awake," four patients were actually sent to sleep, some "liked it too well to sleep," and others felt "sad, but delighted."—Chambers' Journal.

A Famous Whist Hand.

The most notorious hand of whist ever played is that known as "the Duke of Cumberland's hand." It has never been definitely settled how this hand came to be dealt, but such a peculiar combination naturally suggests suspicions of foul play. The duke, playing in the room at Bath, held in his hands king, knave, nine, seven of trumps (clubs), ace, king of diamonds, ace, king, queen, knave of hearts, and ace, king, queen of spades and yet was unable to secure a single trick, and, moreover, lost a bet of £30,000 upon the hand. This incredible result was achieved as follows: The duke of course led with a trump and found his partner void in that suit. His left hand adversary, whom we may call "Y," having ace, queen, ten, eight and his right hand adversary, "Z," the remaining five trumps and no diamonds, the consequence was that "Z" trumped diamonds twice, and "Y" "sitting over" the duke with better trumps, after taking the sixth trick, had the lead with the seven remaining diamonds, and thus "Y" and "Z" made the 13 tricks.—New York Mail and Express.

They Remembered Him.

A circumstance happened in connection with the failure in business of a well known inhabitant of Yorkshire which caused much amusement. The bankrupt was asked the momentous question, "What are you prepared to offer?" and in reply stated that he had no assets whatever.

"What is there now, Joe?" asked a jolly looking creditor.

"Nothing," replied the bankrupt.

"Well, you can sing. Come, sing us a song."

Joe fumbled with his hat and said he hardly liked to sing.

"Come, strike up," exclaimed the creditor; "let's have something for our brass." Thus urged, Joe cleared his throat and began the ballad "And You'll Remember Me." As the plaintive melody fell on the ears of the creditors some of them began to feel indignant, but the humor of the situation at length burst upon them, and the final line was greeted with roars of laughter.—London Judy.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
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All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mails as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to the Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 26, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Black Hussar."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Duff Opera Company.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—Tony Pastor.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DR. EMMET'S "PATRIOTIC" DEGENERACY.

"Niall of the Hostages! Con whose high name
On a thousand fair fields has been floated to fame;
Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er your sleep—
Arise not to shame us—Awake not to weep!"

These noble words of the ancient Irish bard, translated into English, might fittingly apply to the case of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York—the weak old man, with the historic name, who is the head of the Irish "Union Jack" Federation of America. Happy is it for his illustrious namesake and progenitor, who lies buried in New York, and happier still is it for the young martyr who died for Ireland in Thomas street, Dublin, ninety years ago, that they cannot read the degrading sentiments of their modern kinsman. The very virtues that distinguish Doctor Emmet in private life only increase his power for mischief as a public man. The blood of the gallant Emmets runs in his veins, 'tis true, but no blood he may possess, however noble, gives him the right to speak or write sentiments abhorrent to every Irish man and every Irish woman also, worthy of the name. We have no fault to find with the general tenor of Dr. Emmet's letter, addressed to Lord Salisbury, which recently appeared in the daily newspapers of this country. What we find fault with is the assumption on his part that the "great moral influence" of his "Union Jack" Federation has the power to quell Irish national spirit in the United States. Here is a passage, for example, that will provoke a smile in circles that look upon all moral force weapons in dealing with England as waste of energy, if nothing worse:

"It would be well that England should realize the fact that a great moral influence has been temporarily exerted by the men in this country who have favored the home rule measure, and she should apply this for her own good and use the opportunity to render restitution for the past. The friends whom Lord Salisbury claims to have in this country have been as indifferent to Irish matters as if they were in England in the Tory party, where they belong, and they need no 'conciliation' in their hatred for the Irish people, which they hold in common with him. But public opinion in favor of home rule has kept the peace and has held in check throughout this country the restless, the impulsive and almost irresponsible spirits who have felt as uncompromising in mood to this influence as toward the British government itself. Yet the check has been irresistible, and the knowledge of the existence of this condition in America has done more to keep the peace for some years past in Ireland than all the troops and constabulary forces Great Britain could command. It yet remains to be seen if the majority of the English people will grasp the opportunity, for on this turn may rest even the future existence of both England and Ireland."

If what Dr. Emmet asserts relative to public opinion in this country, which means the opinion of the "Union Jack" Federation, is true, then the Irish people are bound to regard it as a marplot, because that kind of opinion has, according to the Doctor, acted as a police force in the interests of England, just, as in the Fenian days the influence of Drs. Cullen and Moriarty did more to reduce Ireland to an ignominious submission than all the other agencies of English suppression. If "Union Jack" public opinion exists in America for the purpose of saving England trouble and allowing the Whigs to enjoy their offices in peace, the sooner such a condition of affairs is overthrown the better. Ever since the Irish Nationalists of this country, in a moment of suicidal weakness, consented to abandon the old revolutionary lines and try "a new departure," the Irish patriotic movement has been on the wane. Year after year it grew more feeble, and, finally, reached a stage of inanition when Parnell—the only man who had the nerve and the genius to use the "constitutional" weapon with potent effect—was thrown overboard at the bidding of Gladstone, Morley & Company. Now where are we? The passage of the home rule bill by the house of commons was the legitimate outcome of Parnell's moral propulsion. That much the Whigs had to perform, in order to save appearances, and the order that Irish weaklings both at home and the world over might not have their eyes too rudely opened. Parnell warned his countrymen that "the English wolves were eager to devour him." Yet he was thrown to them and devoured to the purpose. He became the victim not of the divorce court but of Downing street. What he so mournfully predicted has happened. The Whigs have betrayed Ireland. The only man they feared is in his grave. Gladstone has put on his nightcap and gone to roost. Morley has a bad case of Dublin Castle jaundice. Rosebery, like Janus, shows one face to England and another to Ireland. The Whigs are allowing Ireland to fall again into the vortex of famine. When Arran asks for assistance, Morley coldly replies "No funds." Balfour, at least, had the feeling to pass around the hat—not dignified surely, but, after all, humane, when contrasted with the icy indifference of the Whig chief secretary. Does any rational being, anywhere, doubt that home rule has been "hung up" by Rosebery? Why, then, should Federation "public opinion" control Irish revolutionary sentiment? Dr. Emmet is living in a fool's paradise.

But the closing paragraph of Dr. Emmet's letter is most offensive to Irish people who believe that their native country is degraded and beggared by the English connection in any form. Here is what he says:

"Throwing aside all sentiment, and simply looking to the best good of Ireland in her connection with circumstances existing today, and over which she is powerless to exert any control, I sincerely believe that her condition is best as a part of the British Empire; far preferable, indeed, to the accepting of her independence in her present state, even if it were freely tendered by England."

That settles it. Dr. Emmet, after such an expression of opinion, can no longer expect to be classed as a Nationalist in Irish politics. He is simply a British Federalist. The organization of which he is president, should hereafter be known as the "Loyal British Federation of America."

THE ENGLISH TARS.

The truth has at last leaked out that the men-of-war and merchant vessels of "h'old H'England" are being deprived of many of their own tars, who are deserting by the thousand yearly. There are several vessels in both these departments, whose crews are insufficient to manage them properly or effectively on the high seas. The London *Nautical Magazine* confesses that it is now impossible to replace the ever-growing drain on the capital of British seamen. Very soon, it adds, the British tar will be unknown in the forecastles of British vessels. Foreigners will not have crowded him out, they will simply have taken the place he has left.

The *Gazette* hears from reliable sources that many of England's vessels have been lost recently owing to the fact that they were undermanned, the English seamen having left the service before the aliens poured in. The sole reason given for this wholesale desertion is the beggarly pay doled out to Jack Tar, whose average monthly stipend is fifteen shillings, or something like $3.75. Several years ago, one English sailor met an American marine at one of the wharfs of the bay of Naples, and was informed by the latter that his pay as a common sailor was ten dollars a month. When the English seaman returned to Liverpool, he started the glad news of the generosity of American captains, and the news spread like wildfire among the poverty-stricken tars of England, to such an extent that there has been a veritable exodus of several thousands every year of her sailors from her men-of-war and her mercantile fleets. Two-thirds of them got employment at $10 a month on American vessels, trading with European ports, and confessed that they were fed better under the Stars and Stripes of Uncle Sam, than they used to be under the Union Jack of John Bull. This latter statement rather startled the English house of commons the other night in a debate on the resources of "our invincible navy." It was found to be true, nevertheless, for it turned out that the provision bills for English sailors is the same that prevailed about forty years ago! It was the same black biscuits and vegetable soup on the table at every mess in the day, for that long period, and no variety, whereas they have a superabundance of variety on board the American navy.

Before the world reaches the end of this century, England's men-of-war and merchant vessels will be manned by Poles, Italians, Russians, Germans, French and Hungarians; and the termination of Albion's supremacy over the seas will have arrived.

MOORE CELEBRATION NEXT MONDAY EVENING.

Everything promises favorably for the Moore anniversary celebration at Central Music Hall on Monday evening next, May 28. Everybody expects a rare intellectual treat when the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Michigan, delivers his oration on "Thomas Moore," who was indisputably, the greatest of Ireland's poets, and who ranked second only to the greatest of the world's poets, Shakespeare. This secondary rank is shared by all other great poets, who have been, happily, likened to the planets revolving around the glorious sun of Shakespeare. Moore's genius was recognized by the greatest minds of the generation in which he lived. Scott was enthusiastic in his praise. Byron called him "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own." Campbell was equally laudatory. Moore's "Lalla Rookh" was translated into nearly every European language, and it was repeated in the bowers of Persian maidens, in native tongue, where the Elbruz mountains look down in snowy splendor on storied Teheran.

Of late an attempt has been made in England, and even in Ireland, to decry the genius of Thomas Moore. A similar attempt has been made on the fame of Byron, who, like Moore, was the friend of liberty. In mentioning the great poets of this century, English magazine writers studiously omit the name of Moore, while Tennyson, and other bards of his peculiar school, are lauded to the skies. As a matter of fact, Tennyson never wrote anything as virile as Moore's "Fire Worshippers," and, as a lyrist, Moore has no equal in British, or rather British-Irish literature, except Burns. His own countryman, Lover, came near being a great poet and was certainly a lyrist of extraordinary power.

The Irish people owe a debt of deep gratitude to Thomas Moore, who certainly did more than any man of his race to rescue the music and poetry of his country from absolute neglect and consequent annihilation. He placed both in the first rank of modern art, and made every civilized land, including England, familiar with the sad story of Ireland's cruel bondage. How truly he expressed this feeling when he wrote that wonderful apology for himself, "Blame Not the Bard":

But tho' glory be gone and tho' hope fade away
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs;
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains.
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains
Shall pause o'er the song of their captive and weep!

While the oratorical part of the programme will be ably dealt with by Dr. O'Reilly, who will be introduced by the Rev. Father Muldoon, the musical part thereof will be in hands not less able in their particular line. Miss M. Blanche Foulke has won golden opinions during her brief but bright career as a singer of the dramatic soprano order, and Messrs. Murphy and Brittan—the former as a baritone and the latter as a tenor—have won national recognition. An excellent likeness of the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, the orator of the occasion, is given on the fifth page.

The sale of seats at the box office of Central Music hall began on Thursday, and those who have not yet secured seats should lose no time in doing so.

THE IRISH CHURCH AND EVICTED TENANTS' FUNDS.

Authoritative information has been secured respecting the present financial position of the Irish Church Temporalities Fund. Out of this fund the sum of £100,000, or half a million dollars, for the evicted Irish tenants will be drawn. "It appears from the return that the fund may be divided into two classes, temporary and permanent. Under the former head £218,925 is derived from land and tithe annuties, and £59,400 from repayments of distress loans and interest on stocks. These sums, together with £250,137 of permanent church revenue, make up a total yearly income of £523,462. In future years the income of the fund, apart from capitalization, will fall gradually to £253,000, which figure will be reached in 1945-6, when the income will become stationary. The annual charges on the fund, apart from sinking fund purposes, amount to £321,343. The sinking fund charges in the current year are £255,759, which, added to the general charges, show an apparent excess of charge over income of £53,620. The corresponding average for the last three years was about £50,000. The foregoing figures, however, do not take into account the substantial sums received annually from capitalization and from arrears recovered, which amount to about £140,000 a year, so that the apparent deficit of some £50,000 becomes in reality an annual surplus of receipts over the expenditure of some £90,000. Hitherto this surplus has been devoted, in addition to the annuity of £295,740, towards accelerating the repayment of the original Church Act Loan, which has now been reduced to less than a quarter of its original amount. The receipts from capitalization, etc., may be expected, it is stated, to continue during the next few years to an extent sufficient to meet all the charges of those years, including the interest (say 3,500 per annum) on an additional loan of £100,000. If only £60,000 per annum is received annually from that source there would be no necessity to disturb existing arrangements, and even if the amount fell to £30,000 equilibrium could be established by the suspension of the minor sinking funds. When the Church Loan Annuity ceases, not later than 1902, the annual charge, including interest on the new loan, will be about £250,000 per annum." It is from this £250,000 that the Irish evicted tenants will receive ample compensation for their evictions.

THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The railroad connecting the capital city of the Russian Empire with Merv, a town which was discovered by a brave Irish journalist, the late Edmond O'Donovan, the special correspondent of the London *Daily News*, is now nearing its completion. Merv is situated on the bordors of the Afghanistan, a poor and rocky stretch of territory which the Czar's eye regards as his stepping stone to the attainment of which he is ambitiously working, viz: to secure for himself, and for his male heirs, the loaves and fishes of British India.

It is a mistake to suppose that Siberia is only a dungeon for convicted nihilists, and is a poor country in every respect, or that its climate is an ultrafrigid one. The projected railroads, three in number, one in the north, one in the center and one in the south, will open up the wonderful wealth of Siberia to Russian commerce and industry, this rich region whose climate is like our own, warm in the summer days in its southern portion, not too cold in the winter. The Ural mountains in Southern Siberia are full of agricultural and industrial riches. They hold in their granite and inexhaustible caverns, a host of precious metals. In 1888 gold was found in immense profusion lying at the feet of the Ural. The gold dug up was valued at $52,000,000. It held almost 6,000 pounds of platinum, and 33,000 pounds of silver. The agricultural and industrial resources of Siberia, even though when unprovided with railroads, were the greatest of Russian industries. Now that its fertile soil will have the advantage of three railroads, the country will, of course, become wealthier still in due time.

THE Paris salon this year is of a superior character. Among the exhibits of paintings by famous artists, that of Walter McEwen, of this city, is the most conspicuous by the talent displayed in its execution.

IF it be true that Pope Leo's supreme desire is to be made an arbiter between France and Germany, and to be able to guarantee peace all over Europe, so as to abolish standing armies, his noble ambition befits his exalted position. To bring about such an era of peace on earth, would be an appropriate duty for the Prince of peace and good will to all men.

THE Irish Brigades in the services of the Catholic powers of Europe, the Irish Legion that fought under the Napoleonic eagle, and Meagher's Brigade, which fought so gallantly for the Union, won the proudest laurels on a hundred and odd fields of battle; but the St. Patrick's Roman Legion, just organized by Prior Glynn, is to be a Legion of Peace, and subscriptions to the Church of St. Patrick, which the Rev. Augustinian intends erecting in the Eternal City. Each member of the Legion will contribute the trifling sum of one shilling a year.

THE Rev. Dr. Delany, who was recently appointed abbot of Mount Melleray, in the county Waterford, Ireland, was consecrated by Dr. Sheehan, bishop of that see, in the chapel of that famous monastery. A large number of people were present on that occasion.

THE Amnesty Association of Limerick announces that the friends of Mr. John Daly, the well known Irish political prisoner, will nominate him for the parliamentary division of Limerick city, should the general election take place this year. His election is assured; but, of course, the government—whether it be Whig or Tory—will annul it, as they annuled that of John Mitchel for Tipperary. Yet it may hasten the return of Mr. Daly to liberty.

NOTICE has been given of an action of Mr. John Barry and Mr. John Murrogh, ex-M.P.'s, against the *Freeman's Journal* Company. It is to be tried in the chancery division of the Four Courts, Dublin, and its object is to compel the delivery of a deed, made between plaintiffs and defendants, on which the latter were appointed trustees for several debenture holders.

ANOTHER evidence of the thriving revival in Irish literature is the first issue of the Irish Home Library, which has just appeared in Dublin. This volume is entitled "The Jacobite War in Ireland, edited from the MS of Charles O'Reilly, a colonel in King James' army, by George Noble Count Plunkett, and the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J." This most interesting document is handsomely produced, is printed on superfine paper, and is prefaced by a splendid portrait of the Earl of Tyrconnell. If the Irish Home Library can do as well as this for the popular price of a quarter, which Mr. Fisher Unwin is doing at the same price for the New Irish Library in London, it ought, like the latter, be an assured financial success. Count Plunkett is an old time gleaner in the meadow-land of Irish literature. He wrote excellent Gaelic poems for the Dublin *Shamrock* in the early Seventies. He was also the founder of *Hibernia*, an ideal Irish magazine. His pen-name was Killeen.

A MEETING for the purpose of forming a branch of the Gaelic League in Cork took place in that city quite recently. Its object is to forward the study of the Irish language. A large number of admirers of the sweet Geelic tongue attended the meeting, where they spoke in that language only—ignoring completely that of the Sassenach. There are true patriots still to be found in the rebel city.

STILL the Protestant dominies preach on Sunday in the streets of Cork city, and still the corner boys go yelping at their reverend heels. This disgraceful conduct has been going on for from seven or eight months, and John Morley lets both sides have their fling.

THE power of the Liberal party is waning in the house of commons. The Labor members, with the sole exceptions of John Burns and two of his colleagues, have withdrawn their support Rosebery, whose majority in the house is now only 14.

T. W. RUSSELL would grasp from the clutches of the starved Irish evicted tenants the provisions promised them by the Rosebery government. It seems that this cruel and vindictive scallawag is going to move the following resolution in the English house of commons: "That this house is of the opinion that the provisions about to be supplied to the evicted tenants are fraught with danger to the best interests of the Irish people, and would expose to outrage and intimidation large sections of law-abiding persons." How could a proper supply of food create such disturbances? This Russell must be a howling idiot.

THE July number of *Donahoe's Magazine*, published in Boston, Mass., will contain a most interesting article, profusely illustrated, from the pen of Eugene Davis, entitled "The Catholic Sovereigns of Europe."

JAMES J. RANAUD, and an Irish-American lad named Vincent O'Gorman, the former of whom is only 13, and the latter 12 years of age, are the editors and publishers of a monthly sheet, called the *Acorn*. It is a bright and brainy caterer for boys' literary palates. These, the youngest editors of the States, are natives of the "Hub," and the "Hub" is very proud of them. THE CITIZEN hopes that, in the course of years, the *Acorn* will develop into an oak.

IT is ominous, as well as interesting, to note that in all the Tory speeches delivered on Primrose Day, the anniversary of the death of Disraeli, the great statesman's name was never once mentioned by the orators on that occasion. Even Lord Salisbury himself ignored the fact that his predecessor was ever in existence! Such is the transient glory of fame!

THE Welsh Church Disistablishment bill, introduced into the English house of commons by Home Secretary Asquith, is regarded as a much more radical measure than the Irish Church Disestablishment act of 1870. The Anglican church is the next religious body to be led to the slaughter. Protestantism is evidently on its last legs in England.

THE latest invention of the American Wizard, Edison, is the Kinetoscope, which, he says, is in an infant condition at present, but which he purposes developing in a short time into what will eventually do for the eye what the phonograph has done for the ear. If this great invention be a success, the Irish exiles will be able to cast a loving glance on their native hills, without having to cross the Atlantic to do so!

PRESIDENT CARNOT has just issued a decree to the effect that the marriage of French ambassadors abroad to ladies of other nationalities cannot be solemnized for the future without the consent of the president of the Republic. Before the French ambassador's success in wooing an American lady, three ministers had taken Uncle Sam's daughters to their bosoms in wedlock—Don Romero Roblada, of Mexico, Senor de Mendonca, of Brazil, and Don Guzman, of Nicaragua. The recent marriage is the first on record in which an American girl has netted in her dainty toils the representative of one of the great nations of Europe.

M. ZOLA has again taken the literary world into his confidence. "Lourdes," which is the title of the first of a triad of novels, upon which he is engaged, is completed, and is now appearing in the Sunday editions of various American newspapers. The second of the group is entitled "Rome." M. Zola purposes making a lengthened stay in the Eternal City, where he will spend a year or two, consulting the archives of the Vatican as to life in Rome in the early christian period, which will be the subject of his second novel. The third, "Paris," will deal with socialism, and the coming changes, social, religious, and political, that we may expect in the twentieth century. Zola believes that what the Catholic church has lost in the Old World, she will more than regain in the new. He, moreover, is convinced of the fact that towards the close of that century all the English-speaking races of the world will become Catholics. This is a daring prophecy, but it may prove true owing to the many conversions made by that church in England and America.

IBSEN was born in Skien, Norway, in 1828, and was an apothecary's clerk, when he wrote his first play, "Cataline," a tragedy. After selling thirty copies of this maiden effort of his, he disposed of the MS to buy bread, for he starved on his miserable salary as clerk. Three years afterward, he became the first living dramatist of Norway, and thus acquired fame and fortune.

IT is said of Mr. John Mackey, the Irish-American millionaire, and step-father of the Princess Colonna, that he is seeking to effect a reconciliation between the prince and his adopted daughter. The great arch-millionaire detests lawyers and law proceedings. In fact, he has a holy horror for both.

INSPECTOR QUINN of Scotland Yard, who has been so prominent recently, in connection with the arrest and conviction of so many of the alleged London anarchists, is, like Chief Inspector Melville, an Irishman. The Irish rule the detective force of England. "Unprized are (Ireland's) sons tell they learn to betray," in the words of Thomas Moore.

THE publication is announced by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of "Kerrigan's Quality," the first attempt at a long story by Jane Barlow, the author of "Irish Idyls."

SURPRISED THEIR PASTOR.

Tuesday night the parishioners and friends of the Rev. Daniel J. Riordan tendered him a silver jubilee at St. Elizabeth's Catholic church, Forty-first street and Wabash avenue. During the exercises a check for $4,000 was given him. With the latter they hope "Father Dan," as he is widely known in this city, will take a much-needed rest.

Twenty-five years ago Tuesday the Rev. Father Riordan was ordained. For as many years he has devoted his talent and efforts to the church. He celebrated the event Tuesday morning himself in a very modest manner by a jubilee anniversary mass in the church. His own wishes were for a quiet observance of the occasion, but to this his friends were unwilling to agree. In the programme not only the people of the parish and the school children, but friends outside the congregation took part. The affair was in charge of Austin A. Canavan, Dr. John Guerin and Dennis O'Toole, who with a score of assistants got up the purse and prepared the programme of Tuesday night. The raising of the purse was carefully kept from Father Riordan's ears, and the presentation of it was to him a surprise.

MAGNIFICENT TESTIMONIAL.

On Thursday evening, the 17th inst., Police Inspector Edward Laughlin was made the recipient of a magnificent testimonial from the officers and men of his late command. The testimonial was in the form of a beautiful diamond star, suitably engraved, a splendid gold watch and chain with diamond locket, and a most exquisite emerald solitaire. Assistant Chief Kipley made the speech of presentation in a few well-chosen words, and Inspector Laughlin suitably and modestly responded. Several speeches were made during the evening, notably by Judge Gibbons, Col. Marcus Kavanagh, P. L. McArdle and Capt. John Shea. In the course of his remarks Judge Gibbons stated that if it were ever his good fortune to be mayor of Chicago he would have no hesitation whatever in appointing Edward Laughlin as his chief of police. Several of the officers associated with Mr. Laughlin also spoke, and gave eloquent testimony to the unflinching bravery, exemplary conduct and loyal devotion to duty, which characterized his whole career on the police force during twenty-two years, and all expressed the hope that, ere long, he would return to active work in defense of the interests and prosperity of the community of which he has been so gallant and distinguished a defender. The visitors were most hospitably entertained by Inspector and Mrs. Laughlin, and the Misses Laughlin gave some splendid Irish selections on the piano, after which the company departed. Among those present were Chief of Police Brennan, Assistant Chief Kipley, Capt. Hartnett, Capt. Madden, Judge Gibbons, Capt. Shea, ex-Congressman Lawler, Lieut. Shepard, Lieut O'Brien, Lieut Collins, Sergeant Hogan, Jacob Franks, E. P. Nerney, R. D. Walsh, J. J. Moore, N. D. Laughlin, Judge Marcus Kavanagh, P. L. McArdle.

Tourist Excursion Tickets

At reduced rates are now on sale, via The North-Western Line, to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Deadwood, Dakota Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, Yellowstone National Park and all the lake and mountain resorts of the West and Northwest. For rates and full information apply to agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. A. THRALL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.

THERE are 177,855 miles of railroad in the United States. 533,565,000 ties are used to bind these rails together. No such number is required, however, to bind the hearts of a traveling public to the Monon Route. All acknowledge that it is the best line between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and the South. City Ticket office, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago.

NEW IRISH BOOKS.

"West Irish Folk-Tales," "The Irish Literary Revival," "A Parish Providence."

Work of the Irish Literary Society.

The ancient legends of all countries must necessarily be of interest, not only to the people inhabiting them, but to the world at large, for they are the only remaining link connecting the scattered members of races. There is a strong similarity about many legends in Europe that points to a common origin, and leads one to believe that at one period the entire human family was of one creed and one language.

There can be but little doubt that it was from the beautiful Edenland at the head of the Persian Gulf, where first sprang into life both creeds and culture, that the first migrations emanated. They, naturally, were directed along the line of the great rivers, by the Euphrates, the Tigris and southward by the Nile; and there the first great cities of the world were built, and the first mighty kingdoms of the East began to send out colonies to take possession of the silent world around them. From Persia, Assyria and Egypt, to Greece and the Isles of the Sea, went forth the wandering tribes, carrying with them as signs of their origin, broken fragments of the primal creed and broken idioms of the primal tongue—those early pages in the history of the human race, eternal and indestructable, which hundreds of centuries have not been able to obliterate from the mind of man.

While among the diverging tribes creed and language began to assume new forms, there still remained a basis of the primal creed and tongue, easily traced through all the changes caused by new modes of life and greater development of thought and science.

The most learned ethnographers of Europe have undertaken the task of reconstructing the primal creed and language, but with a very slight degree of success as yet. By a comparison of the different ancient tongues they have been enabled to get a number of words, meaning the same in all the languages and sounding alike, but they have been too few for any practical result.

Ethnologists, however, have been successful in establishing a connection between the legends of many countries and tracing their origin, through their characteristics, to one common source. Ireland is particularly rich in legendary lore; there being not one, but several different types of folk-lore found in almost every portion of the island. A strange fact has been observed, however; in spite of the Danish occupation of the country for centuries, no legends of Thor, Odin or the Valkyries are to be found in any part of Ireland. The Aryan branch of folk-tales is the prevailing type of Irish legends. They are not so much of the domestic character as those in Germany, and are more so than those found in the Highlands of Scotland, yet the truly household stories of the Grimm Brothers have many parallels in Irish folk-lore. The German tales are almost totally devoid of the romantic, picturesque and extravagant style which is so loved in Ireland and Scotland. There are no terrible warriors, like Fionn, none of the awful combats, horrible monsters and weird enchantments which so abound in the Irish tales. There is a quiet domesticity stamped on all of them, and they are rightly called "Household Stories" in more ways than one.

While the extravagant and fiercer types of stories are the more popular ones in Ireland, still there are many charming tales bearing the same impress of domesticity as those of Germany, and are really variants of some of those collected by Grimm, and are undoubtedly of the same Aryan origin.

Collections of Irish folk-lore have been made, until recently, without any thought of ethnological value. The delightful works of Thomas Crofton Croker, Samuel Lover and Miss Letitia Maclintock, have amusement for their chief object, and the tales have been written up in a humorous vein, which has probably destroyed the original characteristics, and it would be unsafe to declare how much of the legends was traditional and how much was due to the writers. Kennedy, in his "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts," has given us a work of more value, as they are all tales of his native county, Wexford, and we are enabled to know in which locality they were gathered, whereas, the tales of Croker and Lover do not belong to any one county. In this work Kennedy also writes for amusement-seekers, and much of the elaboration may be safely credited to his pen. W. B. Yeats, who is making a specialty of this work now, has done little else than compile tales which have appeared in magazines and former collections. He is, however, a young writer of great promise and much may be expected from him in the future. Lady Wilde has given us quite a work in her "Irish Legends," but had she given any authority for the statements in the work, she would have given us a work of unparalleled excellence. As it is, the localities in which the legends were gathered, are mentioned, and this fact may set antiquaries on the right track. An American writer, Jeremiah Curtin, has published quite a number of legends, both in book form and in the New York *Sun*, but in no case has he stated from what source, or in what portion of Ireland he found his stories. He mentions having taken them down from Gaelic speaking peasantry, yet in giving Irish words he makes a number of inexcusable errors. One of the most valuable collections is that of Dr. Douglas Hyde, a profound Gaelic scholar, who gives the originals in the Irish language. His translations, while being well rounded, do not lose any of the characteristic features of the original tales, and are quite literal. The latest addition to Irish folk-lore is a collection by William Larminie, entitled "West Irish Folk-Tales." It is a very handsome volume, published by Elliot Stock, No. 62 Paternoster row, London, and is a work of considerable importance. Mr. Larminie has evidently gone to considerable trouble to get the correct versions of the tales, as he gives sections of the different storytellers, in order to give as perfect and as full a variant as possible. In his preface to the work he devotes considerable space to tracing the origin of the Irish folk literature, and makes comparisons between them and the German and Highland Scotch legends.

Most of the tales are of the Fenian or heroic order and deal mainly with the ancient heroes of Irish mythology, deeds of chivalry and enchantments. They are wonderfully interesting and many of them have strong, consistent plots. Some are mere fragments. In his translations Mr. Larminie has been very faithful to the originals, without making them at all bald.

Variants of some of his tales are to be found in other collections under Kennedy's "Wild Geese" and Grimm's "Twelve Brothers." This does not detract from the value of the variant which he gives; on the contrary, it makes it still more valuable, showing, as it does, the changes which ages will make in such a legend.

One of the novelties of the work is a phonetic text for writing the Irish language. It was invented by James Lecky, an Irish scholar, and is very ingenius in its construction, although confusing to a student who has already learned the ancient alphabet. Mr. Larminie's argument in its favor is that it can better represent the local pronunciation than the Gaelic orthography, and by its means it will be much easier for Irish-speaking people, who have never mastered the old text, to read the Gaelic. The same arguments may be made in its favor that were made for the "tonic sol fa" system in music, but the facts remain that the works of Gaelic scholars will always be in the old text and, with very little more trouble, Gaelic speakers can be taught to read the latter. Taken on the whole, Mr. Larminie has added a very valuable work to Celtic literature, and it is interesting, not only to the scholar, but to the general reader.

"The Irish Literary Revival" is the title of a volume published by W. P. Ryan, its author, and is a review of the Irish literary movement for the last ten years. Indeed, in the sketches of the workers in that field, he goes back several decades.

The present movement has passed its decade and has come to the front as a matter of the greatest national importance. The political crisis has, until recently, absorbed the entire attention of the Irish people, and as literature was considered of secondary importance, the movement remained almost unnoticed in the background. Today it has the adhesion of almost every Irish writer of note and its great possibilities of good for Ireland having been recognized, the movement is now on the flood tide of popularity. Mr. Ryan's book is extremely interesting in the fact that it is not only a review of the movement but is in some degree a study of the greatest Irish literati of the day.

The Southwark Club, which preceded the present Irish Literary Society of London, organized in January, 1883, by Francis A. Fahey and kindred spirits, takes up the first chapter of the book. There are many anecdotes of the meetings of the club, and Mr. Ryan has a happy faculty of introducing the members of the club to the reader in such a manner that the latter feels he is meeting living people, and becomes intensely interested in them. In this manner, if in no other, the author is materially benefitting the movement.

The Pan-Celtic movement of Dublin is also reviewed from the early eighties to the present time, and brief sketches are given of the Irish literary clubs in Cork, Belfast, Manchester, Liverpool, Bootle, Newcastle, Bolton, Bradford, Dundee, Glasgow, Norwich and Southampton.

Quite a number of half-tone portraits, among which are those of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Alfred Perceval Graves, T. W. Rolleston, W. B. Yeats, Hon. William O'Brien, M. P., and many others adorn the pages, while biographical sketches of most of the eminent Irish writers of the present day make the "Irish Literary Revival" a work which no Irish person of literary tastes can well afford to be without. The price of the book is very low, being but two shillings in cloth, and one shilling in paper. It can be obtained from the author, at No. 1 Constance road, East Dulwich, London, S. E. England.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, of London, has issued the fourth volume of the "New Irish Library," a tale by Mrs. E. M. Lynch, entitled "A Parish Providence." It is a romance of country life in France, between the lines of which may be read suggestions for the betterment of the peasantry of Ireland, and it would seem that the Irish Literary Society had selected the picturesque locale in which the authoress had laid her plot, and the many well drawn characters, military and civil, heighten the interest of the story in no inconsiderable degree.

At the end of the tale, statistics are given of the receipts and expenditures (estimated) of typical families living in the poorer districts of Ireland, with strong arguments in favor of establishing cottage industries in order to improve their condition.

That able veteran, Charles Gavan Duffy, has something to say on the latter subject in an introduction to the book. He points to the cottage industries of France and Belgium, as examples of what may be done in this respect, and reprints an appeal from the *Nation*, published fifty years ago, in which is set forth the number and kind of industries which could and should be carried on in Ireland. Model farms for the practical instruction of peasant children under competent instructors is urged, and it is shown how the French and Swiss make delicate dishes out of vegetables thrown away by the Irish, who might utilize them if taught their value. Mr. Duffy advances many ideas in this little work in which there is much commonsense, and if the Irish political leaders would give these or similar plans some consideration it would mark a new era in Irish life, and in a short time practically stop emigration. "A Parish Providence" is like its predecessors of the New Irish Library, a thoroughly national work, and should be on the shelf of every Irish person and in every church library. It costs but a shilling, and may be ordered through any book dealer.

M. J. MURPHY.

THE Gaelic Class meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in City Clerk Gastfield's office, room 35, first floor City Hall; and all Irish books from the primer to the Annals of the Four Masters can be obtained there at publishers' prices. No charge for rent or tuition.—MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y., 1909 Indiana avenue.

REV. DR. CHARLES O'REILLY.

The above is an excellent likeness of the Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Michigan, who will deliver the oration at the Thomas Moore Anniversary next Monday evening, at Central Music Hall.

MEMORANDA IN METRE FOR IRISHMEN.

BY J. S. CANTWELL.

Dissevered Gael o'er all the earth,
  Upon your festal day,
Recall the men your race brought forth
  Since Patrick showed the way!
Whilst ye who breathe the breath of life
  The bonds of kin renew,
Your famous kinsmen who have lived
  Call up in grand review.

Copy the men of noble deeds,
  The way of recreants shun;
Mark how your liberty was lost;
  Learn how it may be won.
Consider the heroes Brian led,
  Who smote the daring Dane
And drove the bold sea-robbers home
  Across the surging main.

Abhor the crime of the caitiff knave,
  Who craved the Norman's aid,
And for his sorry selfish end,
  His countrymen betrayed.
But laud the spirit that inspired,
  The Norman warrior's heirs—
Hibernians of Hibernians they
  The chronicler declares.

The Saxon's conquerors Irish born
  Were Erin's friends not foes—
The dandies of their day perdy!
  Tho' blacksmiths made their clothes!—
Envy the staunch O'Neill who held
  The Welsh she-wolf at bay,
And drove her pack in slaughter back
  On Benburb's glorious day.

Reverence the valiant patriots
  Who from their motherland
Essayed to stay the scatheful sway
  Of Cromwell's iron hand
And the brave who wasted their bravery
  In weakling Stuart's cause,
And o'er the main, on battle-plain
  Shamed William's cursed laws.

Bethink ye of the noble souls
  Of fateful '98
Who heard the shout of Liberty,
  And faced the martyrs' fate.
Beware of such foul parricides
  As self-slain Castlereagh
Who Ireland's shred of liberty
  For lucre schemed away.

Mark how unto his country's aid
  The Celtic giant sprung,
And from the oppressor's rigid grasp
  Emancipation wrung!
Nor those forget who afterward
  Kept up the stubborn fight,
And undismayed by rope or jail
  Maintained their nation's right.

Slight not the fame of your latest chief
  Tho' Adam-like he fell.
Pray Heaven send another soon
  To serve his land as well!
Whate'er befall, let each on all
  And all on each rely;
In union bound your foes confound
  Their plots and plans defy!

And whatsoever may betide,
  Of Ireland ne'er despair;
The boundless Power that guides the spheres
  Holds her in special care.
Tho' storms may smite the brave old ship
  They may not overwhelm,
And let men set what sails they will
  His hand is on the helm!

REVIVAL OF THE CELTIC.

[*New York Sun.*]

We are glad to notice as an event of literary importance the recent organization in Providence, R.I., of a Celtic Society, the object of which is to revive interest in the mellifluous and influential tongue of Ireland. No other language, having itself no great masterpiece of literature, has had such effect on modern literature as the Celtic. To it we owe many of the fairy tales of our childhood; some of Shakespeare's plays, some of the incidents detailed in the Arthurian poems, even some of those in the Divine comedy are drawn from Celtic sources. It was said of Washington, "Nature made him childless that he might be the Father of his Country." So it might almost be said of the Celtic language, "Nature left it childless that it might be the mother of other literatures."

The Celtic language is not a dead language. One-sixth of the population of the Emerald Isle, in round numbers 800,000 persons, understand Erse; 60,000 persons there know no other language than it; one-third of the territory of Ireland is still Celtic, so far as the ability to understand the language is concerned, and upwards of 2,000,000 in this country and Canada are familiar with the tongue. The society in Providence was begun under most favorable auspices. The Rev. T. E. Ryan originated the movement, and was seconded by such students of Celtic and other languages as Jeremiah O'Sullivan, president of the Boston Philo-Celtic Society; President Andrews and Professor Williams, of Brown University; the Abbe Hogan and Dr. Shahan, of the Catholic University; Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, and Bishop Harkins, of Providence, and both Protestants and Catholics of Roger Williams' city united in the organization.

The path of the new society and of its predecessors is uphill, but the ascent has an end. A century ago the Welsh language was really in worse case than the Erse is now, but by the exertions of scholars and the local clergy of Wales it was rescued, and today is vigorous both in Wales and in America. That similar success may await the Celtic societies of this country in their patriotic labors we sincerely hope.

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Rith,

Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"A Chonáin," ar Diarmuid, "a g-cluinir an mór-mhaoidheamh so d'á chanadh aig an m-buidhin úd aistigh timchioll an bhoird?"

"Is deimhin go g-cluinim," ar Conán.

"Is é is déanta dhuitse," ar Diarmuid, "fuireach air dhorus an dúna air eagla tóireachd do theacht a leith ár g-cúl orrainn agus rachfaidh mise asteach agus bhéarfad fáilte easchaosd do'n mhuintir úd agus cuirfead a g-céill dóibh nách bh-fuil neach d'Fhiannaibh Eirionn a n-góibhionn aca."

"Na h-uile dhiomáidhadh orm féin," ar Conán, "má fhanaim féin ad' dhiadh, a Dhiarmuid, achd gibé ball cúng no fairsing a rachadh tusa go rachfaidh mise leat, agus móidim do na Déithibh gurb é is beag liom a d-tiocfaidh de thóir orm, le mian mo easchairde d'fhághail air aon láthair le n-a d-tuargainn."

Leis sin, téidheann Diarmuid aisteach, agus Conán mar aon leis. Agus air dul aisteach do Dhiarmuid, beirios sith santach sáridthmhar chum an righ, agus do threasgair chum láir agus lán talmhan é, agus a dubhairt le Conán a cheangal agus a chuibhreach gan chairde.

Do dhéin Conán amhail, "Agus is é do dhéanfaidh tá, a Chonáin, a cheann do theilgeann d'á cholain le faobhar do chloidhimh agus do thréin chuisleann," mar m-beidheadh méid na deithfreach do bhi air ag ionnsuidhe na biadha saora, so-chaithte do bhi air an m-bórd, agus air cheangal an righ do Chonán, gabhas ag glacadh agus ag glamadh an bhidh, an fhaid do bhi Diarmuid ag slógh agus ag treun-thuarguin na laoch láidre lán-chaima, mór-aigionta, drolach, dualach, leathan-sgiathacha do bhi ag caithlomh fiadh agus feusta a bh-fochair an righ an tan sin. Agus do lean Diarmuid an dearg-ruathar air na treun-fhearaibh d'n d-teaghleach amach, ionnus go n-dearnaidh cúmhach catha, dith daoine agus easba laoch timchioll na m-bórd. D'imthigheadar le agean uaidh mar gheiltigh-glinne tri fhuinneogaibh an dúna amach, agus ni staonadh d'n n-garbh-ruathar do dhein an laoch leadmhar, guiomh-uasal achd leanamhaint orra d'n d-teaghlach amach, mar chuin-alta a n-diaigh treud chaorach. Achd cheana, an fhaid do bhi Conán d'á bholgtheanna féin le rogha gach bidh d'á raibh air na buird, tháinig an righ-bhean gan fhios do Chonán agus do sgaoil gach ceangal d'á raibh air an righ, ionnus gur euluigh naigh gan fios cá conair 'n ar ghaibh sé. Agus air sáthach do Chonán, dearcas 'nna thimchioll agus ni fhacaidh an righ. Air sin, do ghaibh náire agus trom-allus é, óir budh cuma leis a bhás no a bheatha a's gan sgeul Dhiarmuide do bheith aige. Oir do bhí a fhios aige nach ameasg a charad do chualdh uaidh, agus mar bhárr air a náire, an righ d' éulóghadh uaidh.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

The New Prime Minister.

Lord Rosebery, the new premier, derives his family name of Primrose from an estate in Fifeshire, which was the first seat of the family. The Primroses are of no great antiquity. The first of them who rose to any fame was clerk of the privy council to James I. His son served Charles I in the same capacity, and was made a baronet of Nova Scotia. After the Restoration he was promoted to a Scotch judgeship. It was this Sir Archibald Primrose, known as Lord Carrington, who was the real founder of the family, for he bought Delmeny and other lands in Midlothian and Linlithgowshire, amounting to about 20,000 acres, Dalmeny having formerly been the seat of the Earls of Haddington. Sir James Primrose, the grandson of Lord Carrington, sat as member for Midlothian in the last century, and was afterwards created Viscount Primrose. Thenceforward the history of the Primroses presents few points of interest. The late earl, grandfather of the present, died in 1868, at an advanced age, just at the time when Lord Rosebery reached the full age of manhood. Consequently, the present prime minister never had any chance of sitting in the house of commons. In 1878 Lord Rosebery was elected lord rector of Aberdeen University, and Edinburgh paid him a similar honor in 1880. He entered active political life in 1881 as an under secretary for the Home department, and served in the brief administration of 1885 as foreign secretary.—*Independent.*

1779. 1894.

MOORE ANNIVERSARY.

The 115th Anniversary of the Birth of

IRELAND'S NATIONAL BARD,

The Illustrious Poet, Thomas Moore, will be Celebrated at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 28, 1894,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MOORE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

REV. DR. CHARLES O'REILLY, of Michigan, will be the Orator of the occasion. Miss M. Blanche Foulke, Dramatic Soprano; Mr. C. H. Brittan, Tenore Robusto; Mr. M. J. Murphy, Baritone.

PROGRAMME:

1. Introductory Remarks by the Chairman.....
   Rev. P. J. Muldoon
2. War Song, "Remember the Glories".....Moore
   Mr. M. J. Murphy.
3. Aria, "The Last Rose of Summer".....Moore
   Miss M. Blanche Foulke.
4. Ballad, "The Minstrel Boy".....Moore
   Mr. C. H. Brittan.
5. Gaelic Song, "The Battle Eve".....Moore
   Mr. M. J. Murphy.
6. Oration, "Thomas Moore".....
   Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly.
7. Lament, "Silent Oh Moyle".....Moore
   Mr. C. H. Brittan.
8. Song, "When Love Is Kind".....Moore
   Miss M. Blanche Foulke.
9. Solo, "When He Who Adores Thee".....Moore
   Mr. M. J. Murphy.

TICKETS . . . . 50 CENTS

Exchangeable at the Box Office for Reserved Seats.

BOXES, - - - $5.00, $4.00 and $3.00

According to location.

Reserved Seats will be on sale at the Box Office, Central Music Hall, on and after Thursday, May 24.

"AND YOU'LL REMEMBER ME."

One evening as the sun went down
  Among the golden hills,
And silent shadows, soft and brown
  Crept over vales and rills,
I watched the dusky bats a-wing
  Dip down the dusky lea;
Harkening, heard a maiden sing,
  "And you'll remember me."

"When other lips and other hearts"
  Came drifting through the trees;
"In language whose excess imparts"
  Was borne upon the breeze.
Ah, love is sweet and hope is strong,
  And life's a summer sea.
A woman's soul is in her song:
  "And you'll remember me."

Still rippling from the throbbing throat
  With joy akin to pain,
There seemed a tear in every note,
  A sob in every strain.
Soft as the twilight shadows creep
  Across the listless lea,
The singer sang her love to sleep
  With, "You'll remember me."

Tossing on the "Briny"

Is very far from amusing, untraveled reader, if so be you are one. A rebellion fomented by each mountainous wave that smites the vessel's hull threatens absolutely to dislodge your very vitals from their natural resting place, and a nausea so frightful that it would reconcile you to a termination of your sufferings by shipwreck harasses you. Well for you then, or rather before this crisis, if you are provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a swift remedy for and preventive of the nausea of travelers by sea or land, nervousness caused by the vibration of the screw of a steamer or the jarring of a railway train, and an antidote to bowel, liver and stomachic troubles caused by impure water and unaccustomed food. The Bitters also, counteracts the effects of fatigue and exposure, and is a safeguard against malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

Cheap Excursions to the West.

An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the West and Northwest will be afforded by the Home-Seekers' low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western line. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on May 8 and 29, to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manito, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within thirty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed on going trip in territory to which the tickets are sold. For further information, call on or address ticket agents of connecting lines. Circulars giving rates and detailed information will be mailed free, upon application, to W. A. Thrall, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago.

If you travel on the Monon you know that it is the best route between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and the South. City Ticket office, No. 232 Clark street, Chicago. Frank J. Reed, General Passenger Agent.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The disagreement between the Dundalk painters and their employers has been settled by a sensible compromise, which raises the weekly wages of working painters from 24s to 27s 6d. The original demand was for an increase to 30s.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

The death took place in Kilrush a few days ago of woman named Bridget Beaumond, widow of a chimney sweeper, who had arrived at the extraordinary age of 102 years. She has been bedridden for the last twelve months, and a short time before her death completely lost her sight, but her faculties remained with her almost to the last.

T. Shea, Tailor.

238 W. Harrison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60. also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

I MISS YOU, DEAR.

When morning's light first tints the gray of dawn,
And sleepless eyes tell day is here,
And all the world is stirring into life,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

When noontime comes and brings its hour of rest
From busy toil, so full of care and fear;
When man so needs the solace of a smile,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

When twilight falls, and all the world is still;
When echoes come from far and near,
And sighing winds lull weary souls to rest,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

Through every moment of the lagging day
So long, without your words of cheer,
And when at night I kneel me down in prayer
Then is the time I miss you, dear.
—Bruce Whitney in Godey's Magazine.

A LONELY CHRISTIAN.

Grimes was his name—"Old Grimes" he was called by the irreverent world, which knew him well, and which doubtless he knew too well, as a man knows something that has not been pleasant to him, and the pain and wickedness and hollowness of which have been forced upon him by a grim experience.

Grimes' name was the only thing about him that offered any poetic suggestion and was not lightly passed or forgotten by those who saw him every day. The legend of that old man whose dirge has been sung these 60 years—whose coat was old and gray and buttoned down before in every version of that irreverent elegy—is the common inheritance of all the English speaking race wherever they wander. The ragged urchin twanged it endlessly in his ears from behind the corners of shanties whenever his bent figure came in sight. Even the grownup Texans who lounged, gambled and traded horses at the sutler's store repeated it to him as a standing joke that could not be worn out. But he paid no attention or diverted the topic when he could and hobbled away slowly, ever muttering to himself something that nobody heard or heeded.

The residence of this song tormented old person was a rough and canvas covered shanty situated by a rambling path in the midst of a congregation of such, some better, some worse. The place was known by the denizens of the neighboring post as Slabtown. The open and unfinished quadrangle and the square stone houses that had all a homeless and dreary look were some half mile away. Fort Concho was confessedly a hard place, all of it. Slabtown was its foster child, filled with stranded emigrants, cattle herders, gamblers and men who had no occupation. Out toward the bleak northwest Llano Estacado stretched its endless leagues of rock and cactus—the wildest land beneath the flag, governed and owned by the Comanche and utterly useless and tenantless for all time, save for that Saxon savage almost as wild as he.

But Slabtown, straggling up from the little river's side, sat with its shanties under the lee of the post, fully confiding in its military neighbor. Here were privileged to come and remain through the windy Texas winter all men, with a due proportion of women, whose tastes or whose occupations led them to the far verge of civilization. Thither came the cattleman and watched his wild herds on the neighboring hills until returning greenness warned him off upon the California trail. Thither returned the man who had accomplished the wonderful journey, laden with fortunate gold. Bearded, broad brimmed and belted, here lounged a small army of guides and trailers, playing shrewd games at cards, drinking San Antonio whiskey and at intervals shooting at each other. The gaunt and long footed Texas girl, chalky, yellow haired and awkward, minced from cabin to cabin with neighborly gossip and did her calico and green ribbon shopping at the pine counters of the trader's stores. There were urchins many, coatless and shoeless from January to December, who were as the calves of this corral of humanity. Here, too, was that pink of the border, the dashing stage driver, who for $40 per month every day ran the gantlet through 60 miles of Indian haunted desolation, and who at the end of his "trick" rewarded himself with two days of dalliance with the belles of Slabtown, to whom indeed he was as the apple of their pale eyes.

And among these people lived Father Grimes, and these were they who sang the ancient ditty to him as he passed by. What his occupation was nobody precisely knew or cared, but they "'lowed" he was "well heeled" and "had a little tucked away somewhere." In the particular condition of society—or rather want of all society—that environed him the inquiry into Grimes' business would hardly have gone so far as that had it not been that his daughter occupied a conspicuous position as the prettiest girl at Concho and was famous alike for the brilliancy of her cheeks and her dresses. She and Father Grimes lived alone, and it was scarcely thought of that at some former period a mother had been necessary in the usual course of nature. "Old Grimes and his gal" filled all the Grimes horizon.

It would be entirely in accordance with good taste if it were possible now to describe a dutiful daughter, entirely devoted to her aged father and resenting the verbal indignities daily heaped upon him. But the facts, as somewhat dimly remembered, altogether forbid. Of all the man's troubles, his daughter was probably the greatest. She was not gaunt and angular, like the other ladies of Slabtown, as a rule. Her cheeks were like peonies, and her round figure had a perceptible jellyish shaking as she walked. She disturbed her father's slumbers with hoydenish laughter while the hours struck small in the night watches, and while her many admirers staid and would not go. She was a coquette besides and refused to comfort the paternal heart by assuming the hard duties of a Texan's wife. Sary Grimes was a wild girl, possibly not a bad creature, but, as it might have been expressed in an eastern village, "liable to be talked about"—one of the social punishments not much dreaded, however, in the region of Fort Concho. There was, I fear, a consciousness in her face whenever she passed a man in the road, and it is equally to be feared that her prudent chastity had but little suggestion of snow or crystal in it, but as belle of Slabtown she reigned supreme, and of course the greater part of her female friends cast aspersions upon her. She kept all her admirers in a state of mind which had in it much torment, with occasional glimpses of beatitude. Charles Hanks, Esq., stage driver, started out upon his trip with a large fortune of happy thoughts and discussed the object nearest his heart with the box passenger for 20 miles at once. But when he returned Sary would no more speak to him than if, as he complained, he "had been a yaller dog." But Mr. Hanks had no special cause of complaint, for he fared as all his rivals did.

Father Grimes' reputation was that he was "allus good to that gal o' his'n." He was never known on any occasion to use a petulant expression to any person or thing. The peculiarity more often remarked in him than any other was that he did not swear. It was a wonder he did not, for nobody doubted that he had a hard life of it. With regard to Grimes, the half has not been told. We have seen men who had survived some great disaster, some horrible mangling, and went crawling through life thereafter lame, scarred, deformed, the hideous semblance of a human creature. Such was this poor, rich old man. His limbs were drawn awry. His shapeless hands almost refused to grasp his staff, and every line of his face denoted an experience of pain, happily past for the time, but ever leaving a grim promise to return and wring the distorted limbs anew until the hour of his relief. Yet Grimes had not been the victim of any sudden accident or great calamity. Fire, nor falling walls, nor the rebellion of man's gigantic servant against his master in rushing steam and falling fragments had been incidents in his hard life. And yet his fate had been little better. His days had been days of pain, and his nights had been spent in torture and in waiting and praying for daylight or death. It is common enough, but Ariel, bright spirit of enchanted air, suffered and groaned no more in the cloven pine than a strong man may beneath rheumatic torture.

Thus it was that the old man's gentleness was a marvel to those who reviled him daily. Worn and deformed with his battle of years with his enemy, he sat at his cabin door in the sun and placidly nodded at those who passed by and whispered to himself and smiled. Sometimes he had been asked if it had not hurt him while in slow torment his limbs had been twisted and drawn thus. "Oh, yes!" he said, "it did hurt." But he smiled as he thus answered a question which would have been both superfluous and cruel if the old man had not seemed to possess some panacea which enabled him to almost defy pain.

This distorted figure, this pain written face and these strange ways Father Grimes possessed alone. They were strange in the land, for sturdy, bearded manhood, reckless ways, loud words and a blood curdling blasphemy were the rule with his associates and near neighbors. While they knew that he had within him something which they neither possessed nor understood, they only said "cur'us creetur" and passed on. Whatever it was, they had no respect for it. They thought him a little crazy. He had done strange things that they knew of. Had he not once tried to interfere with a very promising horse race on a Sunday? Did he not come down to the trader's store one night last fall and lift up his quavering voice in a Methodist hymn and try to get up a prayer meeting right there among the boys, "and a hundred dollars in the pot, and me with three queens in my hand?" It was Charles Hanks, Esq., who described this scene and added: "He's an old fool, with a stavin purty gal. 'Twas just that which saved his meat—a-interferin that-a-way."

It was not strange that with these queer ways Father Grimes was alone in such a place, with only his heart to keep him company. There was a chaplain at the post, but he seemed as yet to have discovered no affinity for this eccentric old man. He preferred soldiers of the cross of more robust tendencies and in line. If being a Christian was what was the matter with Grimes' dazed head, he had an entire monopoly of the complaint. On bright Sunday mornings there was a formal service on the parade ground, and plumed heads bowed slightly in the etiquette of military devotion. But Father Grimes was as much out of place there as he was at the sutler's and stood afar off, failing to understand perhaps what all this had in common with a camp meeting in far western Virginia or with such piety and worship as would have been acceptable to his fellow believers of the United Brethren in Christ.

Of course he had little control of the hoydenish Sary. That young woman shared somewhat in the current belief regarding her father's mental condition. Living in the same house, they had no companionship, and while she cared for his common wants and daily meals that was the extent, to all appearance, of her interest in him. He perhaps constituted the sober side of her life. She would have been ready to do battle for him with a ready tongue, but she also claimed the privilege of privately regarding him with as much carelessness and half contempt as was possible with her knowledge of the fact that he really was her father and she could not help it.

The incident which placed Father Grimes prominently before the public in a new light—an incident all the more remarkable because it was the last in his career—came about in this wise: There wandered into Concho a long haired and ambrosial man, who claimed to have been one of those hard riders from the Lone Star State who figured so extensively in the cavalry force of the late Confederate army. He was broad shouldered, tall, swaggering, of a military carriage and claimed to be "still a rebel and a fighting man, sir." Now, Hanks was not just a Yankee, but he and this child of chivalry soon found means of disagreement upon another matter. The Confederate used often to say that he did not care a profane expletive for Miss Grimes, but he "made it a point to allow no man to stand before him in the graces of a livin woman, sir." So in a few weeks Hanks and he looked askance at each other, and finally refused to play poker at the same table and avoided a mutuality in bibulous exercises by common consent. The wicked Sary, gifted with peculiar insight into such matters, flattered the new beau and smiled upon him with beams particularly bright, albeit she divided her favors and gave Hanks enough to keep him alive to the stature and strength of his rival, and the dangers arising from delay and absence. These things did not pass unnoticed by the others, and a keen lookout was maintained for the hour when the difficulty should culminate. The patient sitters upon benches and the industrious carvers of deal boxes kept the two men in sight and watched them with an eye to being present when the time came. They discussed the chances among themselves, much as they discussed the projected race for 800 yards between Hopkins' bald face and the spotted pony. They knew Hanks, and generally considered him the better man. There was a slight inclination to prejudice against the Confederate perhaps. "He's full o' brag," they remarked. "Hain't seen his grit yet."

One night Father Grimes sat in the inner room of his poor house. The cotton cloth which did duty as glass puffed in and out in the window frame, and the "grease dip" burned yellow and dim on the edge of its broken cup. There was the usual chatter and coarse laughter in the outer room, and he knew that the Confederate and Sary were there. This gallant gentleman was in his best mood that night, and the laughter of the girl and the man's tone of light raillery reached Grimes' wakeful ears with annoying distinctness. The old man sat in his bent posture near the light and studied out the words of a big worn volume upon his knee. His grizzled hair lay in tangled confusion upon his neck, and as he stumbled through the sentences he spelled and whispered the words to himself. The night was his enemy and torment. He was passing the dull time of age and affliction, and, withal, gathering comfort from the only book he possessed or needed. It was no common book he pored over and spelled. It is said to have been the Bible.

Presently the outer door opened, and with a gruff salutation Hanks entered. His arrival from his last drive could not have been more than an hour ago. He had not wasted time in paying his respects. He sat down at the rude table and looked at Sary and her companion. That Hanks was in an ugly humor was quite evident. It was equally evident that he was bent upon the operation known among his kind as "pickin a fuss." He did not attempt to conceal his feelings and glowered at his rival and still sat silent. The dark purpose of the border rowdy was in his eye, and the jealousy and anger of all his lawless kind was apparent in the studied deliberateness of all his actions. The other looked at him with a cool grin of defiance. At a meeting of this kind two such men have little need of tongues.

Presently the late comer rose slowly, moved his chair and sat down almost in front of his rival. The old man in the inner room heard the movement and started and listened, closing his book. Having thus changed his position, Hanks placed his hands upon his knees, looked his rival obtrusively in the face and calmly remarked:

"I shouldn't wonder, mister, ef I thought you was a low down kind of a cuss."

"What?" exclaimed the Confederate.

"I say—are ye list'nin?—that I shouldn't wonder ef I thought you was a low down, sneakin"——

The Confederate gentleman arose, motioned to Hanks and moved toward the door. They both went out, walked a little way along the wall toward the old man's flapping window and stopped.

"I don't do my fightin in the presence o' wimmen," said the Confederate, "but I'm a fightin man, an ye kin hev all ye're sp'ilin for. There's no use in bein in a ungentlemanly hurry about this 'ere little diffikilty. Tomorrer mornin—break o' day, sharp, at the sand bar beyant Stokes'—'ll suit me of you kin stand it."

"Wot's yer weepins?" said the other.

"Navy size—10 paces."

"Seconds?"

"Nary man."

"I'll be thar," and old Grimes heard the footsteps die away in opposite directions.

He hobbled into the room where his daughter sat. Her pinky cheeks were a little paler, and there was an unwonted apprehension in her eyes. "Sary," he said, "kin ye do nothin to keep them two young fellers apart?"

"No; they're two fools, an it's none of my affair."

"Did ye hear what they said outside?"

"Yes, I heard. I was list'nin. They kin fight it out. There's better men than either of 'em."

Grimes turned and went back to his little bare room—the little bare and shabby place where the company who came and sat with him were not inhabitants of Slabtown—and seated himself upon the bed and communed with himself. It is a strange life and a wonderful education that can teach a red cheeked and hoydenish girl to smile at the passions which lead to the grim revenges of the border. The old man sat and thought, and the hours passed slowly. He lay down upon the rude bed, and perhaps would have slept if he could. Then he rose and occupied himself in reading again and went out often and looked into the shadows of the still night. Only the far guard challenge fell upon his ear at intervals and seemed to announce the passing hours. Finally the ripe stars that glow in the noon of night began to pale in their westward setting. The cocks crew, and the lowing of kine was borne far upon the damp morning air. The day was coming.

No soul, save these two men, a thoughtless woman and an old man, almost helpless, knew of the meeting on the sands, from which but one, and probably neither, would ever return. Father Grimes got his hat and staff and hobbled forth. He thought he knew the spot. He would go thither.

The chill air of dawn pierced his frail body, and he shivered. Painfully and all too slowly he walked the stepping stones across the puny torrent and toiled up the bank upon the other side. He saw the gray streaks in the east and hastened, groaning, for he remembered the words, "At break o' day, sharp." His journey was a pathless one, cactus grown and tangled with long grass. Finally he reached the crest of the low bluffs, and the little acre of brown sand lay before him in the growing light. Peering with his old eyes, he discovered two figures there. One of them stood listless, while the other paced slowly across a little space. Then his companion measured the space likewise in long and swinging strides. As the old man drew nearer he saw that the two took opposite places, and that while one leaned forward anxiously the other's attitude was careless, and his weapon hand hung by his side. He shouted with the utmost strength of his old, wiry voice, but they seemed to pay no heed. Then, and for the first time in 10 years, he tried to run. As he drew closer he saw that Hanks was nearest to him, and almost between him and the Confederate. Then one said, "Ready!" and his adversary answered, "Ready!" But Grimes noticed that Hanks held his weapon in readiness to fire, while the other brought his slowly up from his side.

The thought must have passed through his mind like a flash, "If I could but push one of them aside, I could save them!" But already they had begun to count, slowly and simultaneously, "One, two"— and at the word "Two" Hanks dropped suddenly in his place, and two shots awoke the silence almost together. The tall Confederate stood still a moment, then staggered and fell backward, while a crimson stream trickled slowly out upon the brown sand and sank, leaving the stain of murder beside his stark figure as he lay, with open, staring dead eyes, looking at the glowing sky.

Hanks had dropped suddenly in his place and had fired before the word. It was the trick which almost disgraces the Comanche, from whom he had in a manner acquired it. He now rose up and looked around him furtively. In the sunshine of high noon it was a dreary and silent spot, and now in the purple morning, with the dead man lying as he had fallen, with the brown sand, and the sage, and the gaunt and thorny cactus on every hand, Hanks seemed to shiver as he buttoned his coat and looked nervously around and stood a moment thinking. Then, by chance or through fear, he cast a glance behind him and saw Father Grimes sunk down in a heap, with his head fallen forward upon his bosom. Perhaps he thought the old man dead—at least he had caught the bullet meant for himself. He hesitated a moment, looked around the horizon, and then, moved by sudden fear, walked rapidly away through the stunted trees beyond the sand. This tale chronicles no further the wanderings of the assassin. He never returned.

Father Grimes slowly raised his head, by and by pressed his hand to his side and tried to rise. After awhile they came and bore him to his cabin and placed him upon his bed, for ill news travels quickly, and the curiosity of the hard comumnity had quickly hurried a crowd to the spot. While he lay quietly and looked upward through the cabin roof, calm and placid, the post surgeon came, and the commandant, and even the chaplain, and the crowd gathered at the outer door, only parting to permit the passage of another burden which was borne there by chance or a fancied connection with Grimes and his daughter and laid upon a low bench beside the wall crying murder through the hush with its white uncovered face.

They questioned the old man, and brokenly and at intervals he told them all he knew. No, no; not all, for his mind seemed preoccupied, and at intervals he stopped and lay very quiet looking at something they could not see and smiling as he feebly held out his hand. His careworn and pain burdened life was passing fast. That they knew and were awed in the presence of that death so many of them had courted; so many had pretended to scorn. They watched him and waited to hear if he had aught else to tell. A little while passed in silence. Suddenly he opened his eyes again and looked intently toward a corner of the room. It was not a look of scrutiny, doubt or inquiry, but of happy certainty and surprise. A faint flush stole into the pallor of his old face, his eye brightened, and he stretched forth his hand and tried to lift himself upon his arm. The doctor bent over him (the chaplain had gone home again) and asked him what he would have. The old man turned with a look of surprise and pointed with his finger.

"Don't you see him?" he said.

"I see no one—what is he like?"

"I—I don't know. His face shines, and he smiles. It is like him as he walked on the sea. I wonder—you don't suppose do you?—he can have come so far for me?"

And death sealed upon the scarred and wrinkled face its last beatitude. They went out and left him there and closed the door. And as they passed through the outer chamber they saw the girl sitting by the bench beside the wall and looking with tearless eyes afar off while she held in her lap her dead lover's cold right hand.—Major James W. Steele in Short Stories

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

HE BURNED A DIAMOND.

It Was Merely to Demonstrate That the Gem Was Inflammable.

How would you like to burn a two carat diamond merely for the sake of demonstrating a fact in science? Professor Henry Miles George of London did that very thing two years ago.

"What I did was not a new experiment," said the professor, "and was made at the request of a wealthy young countryman of mine who believed that he was born to be a scientist. Whether he was or not is neither here nor there. His first experiment was costly.

"He wanted to satisfy himself that the diamond possessed an inflammable quality, and that after being burned it left no residue. We burned the stone in my laboratory and to the young man's complete satisfaction. After it was consumed there was absolutely no ash. The combustion was complete, and there was an absolute although expensive proof that the diamond consists of pure carbon.

"The inflammability of the diamond," continued Professor George, "was not known till the middle of the seventeenth century. The ancients were firmly convinced that a diamond could not either be burned or broken. This was disproved in 1670 or thereabouts, when a four carat stone was consumed in the flame of a blowpipe. I think it was in Rome. The Grand Duke of Florence, in 1694, thought that fire would reveal the secret of the diamond's composition, and he caused a stone to be placed under the focus of concentrated sun rays. The diamond cracked, corusicated and disappeared. These experiments, as you will readily understand, are not made very frequently. In the interest of science they have been necessary, but as we have a very complete record of the results in several experiments and they all agree there is no necessity for any further expenditure of money in that particular direction. No, I don't think my young friend became a scientist. He married a music hall singer."—New York Mail and Express.

Cavalry and Cold Steel.

If you will allow a cavalry soldier to forget the value of cold steel and rely on fire action, you destroy the dash and elan which make him formidable and should be his characteristic. Therefore Frederick 180 years ago ordered his troopers always to attack, and while he discountenanced the use of carbines gave them the necessary support which fire lends by organizing a light artillery to attend their movements.

Napoleon has told us that "cavalry cannot reply to fire and can only fight with the steel," and fully recognizing where lay the weakness of his horsemen he gave them an auxiliary in the shape of horse artillery, which, so far from hampering their movements, added to their boldness and enterprise when acting independently ahead of his vast armies. The co-operation of the two arms was also then found to work in another direction to the benefit of both, for while projectiles loosen compact formations and render the attack of squadrons more dangerous the cavalry force the scattering units to draw together and present an easier target for the guns. Especially was this noticeable during the pursuit of a beaten foe. A battery, bold and well placed, may deny a whole road to the retreating columns, and long lengths of "train" may have to be abandoned on the inroad of a few accurately directed shells.—Saturday Review.

Racing For Life In a Mine.

David M. Griffith, a miner, had a narrow escape from being crushed to death while at work in the Franklin mine, but the accident fortunately resulted in nothing more serious than a broken leg and a terrible fright.

Griffith was at work on a slope when pieces of coal weighing about 1,500 pounds became detached above him and started down the slope toward Griffith, whose only escape lay in running down the slope ahead of the lump of coal. It soon became a race for life, with the coal increasing its speed at every bound and adding to the terrors of the flying Griffith. Half way down the slope the speed at which Griffith was going extinguished the lamp in his hat and left him in the dark.

He continued his flight, in which lay his only safety, and after running for what seemed an age he stumbled on one of the side beams and fell, expecting to be instantly crushed to death. The coal came on, and by a miracle was checked by the timber, but in jamming caught one of poor Griffith's legs against the timber, breaking the bone in two places. Help soon came down to the man, and he was carried out and cared for. Griffith says it was the narrowest escape from death he ever had.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

His I's.

General Ogle, when submitting a letter for approval by the Pennsylvania legislature, which he had addressed on their behalf to the newly elected president, General Andrew Jackson, was interrupted by a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia thus:

"Pardon me, general, I do not wish to assume to make a suggestion to so distinguished a gentleman as yourself, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary in the east, and I may say in almost all the civilized countries of Europe, to write with a capital 'I' instead of the small 'i' in using this personal pronoun in epistolary correspondence."

General Ogle drew down his heavy brows, piercing the dandy's marrow with the fierce shaft of scorn that shot from his eye.

"Sir," said he, beginning with a hiss and ending with a roar, "when I write to such a great man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic president of the United States, I abase myself, I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put on paper. But, sir, if I should ever get to such a low pitch as to have to write to such a little snipe as you are, I'd use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap.'"—Exchange.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

The Experiences of a Man Who Barely Escaped a Watery Grave.

When the water rushed into my lungs and stomach, it felt for all the world like a pleurisy pain, which has also given me a tussle in later years, but was over in a second, writes a man who was once nearly drowned. Then my body settled quietly to the bottom, and my arms fell limp by my side. In my half conscious condition I could see all my relatives and acquaintances crowding about me and looking down on me with tearful faces. All the events, it seemed, of my career passed slowly in review, and the good, bad and indifferent acts stood out before me in bold relief. I knew I was drowning and remember thinking, "Why, this is not so hard, after all!"

I wondered where my body would be found and shuddered at the thought that it might never be found. I also wondered whether or not my companion had become alarmed and run away and left me to my fate, or whether he was diving here and there to find me. Then I pictured my burial, and how the clods would resound on my coffin when it was lowered into the grave, and my fate would be pointed out to other boys by anxious mothers as a warning.

At the next stage I could hear bells softly ringing in the distance, together with little tinklings and chirrups sounding in my ears. Then I began to see pretty pictures. The colors of the rainbow danced before my eyes and intermingled and formed into all sorts of odd shapes. I had no pain and no fear of what was expected to follow. I seemed to be enchanted at the scene before me. Everything was light and calm and moved about without any visible impelling force. It was like looking into a large mirorr with every beautiful thing that the most vivid imagination could conjure up revealed thereby.

The last stage that I entered increased the beauty of the surroundings. All discordant noises ceased and were superseded by the softest, sweetest music that could be thought of. Apparently I had been transported to a place flooded with bright, calm sunshine. It was neither too hot nor too cold, but seemed like a clear autumn day. Then I seemed to rise from the ground and float off into space like thistle down. Higher and higher I went until I seemed to look down on the world from a great height, and then came a blank.

The next thing I know I was lying on the raft with my companion looking down on me with a pale face.—New York Journal.

Chinese Women's Feet.

It is the common understanding among Americans that the women of China have dwarfed feet. From the time that China was opened to explorers books of travel, and especially school textbooks, have been filled with descriptions of the dreadful agony to which Chinese women were subjected to make their feet small. According to these stories and according to the popular belief in America, the feet of Chinese girl babies are put in compresses until their growth has been stunted.

Travelers in China have described the attempt of Chinese women to walk as something very painful. No one would be shocked at Mrs. Yang Ju's pedestrian style. It is true, the interpreter of the legation tells me, that in the southern provinces of China women's feet are dwarfed, but it is only in the southern provinces that small feet are considered a mark of aristocracy.

Mrs. Yang Ju's feet were never put through the dwarfing process. Neither are the feet of her children undergoing that painful operation. The little tots run about the legation halls freely, and on the day when I was there one of them took a long peep at me through the doorway of the reception room when I was not supposed to be looking in that direction. This little fellow was dressed in the gaudy silks which are an invariable feature of the Chinese custom.—Washington Star.

Strange Captivity.

The springbok of South Africa migrate in vast herds, moving in a compact body and carrying everything before them. If a flock of sheep be in the line of march—as it sometimes happens—it is surrounded, enveloped and becomes, willingly or unwillingly, part of the army. An African hunter tells the strange story of seeing a lion in the midst of the antelopes, forced to join the march. It is supposed that the lion had sprung too far for his prey, that those upon whom he alighted recoiled sufficiently to allow him to reach the ground, and then the pressure from both flanks and the rear prevented him from escaping from his strange captivity.

If the springbok travels in such armies, how can those in the middle and rear find food? In this wise: Those in the front ranks, after they have eaten greedily of the pasture, gradually fall out of the ranks to rest, while the hungry ones in the rear come up, and so the columns are all the while changing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Adirondack Lakes.

One of the most striking phenomena of the Adirondack region is the carrying power of the human voice in still weather upon the lakes great and small. Persons ashore easily hear the ordinary conversation of others who are so far out upon the lake as to be indistinguishable, and as a great many Adirondack visitors habitually violate the law touching the slaughter of deer all such offenders are extremely careful not even to whisper a word that might betray their guilt when rowing upon the lakes.—Exchange.

An Inference.

Cora—You want me to describe my friend, Miss Pleiners? She's a charmingly vivacious and witty girl, an excellent conversationist, accomplished, bright and intellectual.

Tom (disappointed)—Oh, pshaw! Why didn't you tell me she was ugly in the first place.—Chicago Record.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The sun rose over the field of wheat
And warmed the breath of an early spring.
The smiling flowers made the morning sweet,
And there were caroling birds to sing,
And by the brook were children at play,
Planning their childish games for the day.

But the sun sank over a field of red,
Leaving no wheat nor a farmhouse there,
Only the ghastly lines of the dead
And blackness and ruin everywhere,
And along the brook, instead of play,
Were the silent forms of blue and gray.

—F. H. Sweet.

Wine In Bottles.

The increase of the strength of wine by keeping depends upon whether it is kept in cask or bottle. If stored in cask, there is a constant increase of alcohol. The ancients knew that wine improved if kept in leathern bottles, and the same result is obtained by keeping it in wooden vessels, for both leather and wood are more easily penetrated by water than by alcohol. Evaporation ensues from both, but more freely from water, and the wine consequently becomes richer in alcohol. On the other hand, the opinion that wine has grown old in bottles and therefore become stronger is thoroughly false. Evaporation is very much hindered by the cork, even when this is not covered with rosin and sealing wax. The simple explanation of our finding old bottled wine rich in alcohol is that only the stronger wines can be preserved and the weaker ones cannot resist the effects of time. At the same time, although all wine must eventually be spoiled and weakened by keeping it in bottles, yet some kinds acquire, as a first consequence of that cause which afterward destroys them, and which is neither more nor less than the chemical alteration in their constituents, properties which render them more agreeable both to smell and taste.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Uniforms to Scare the Enemy.

According to the report prepared by the war department, red uniforms were first adapted by the Emperor Valerius Maximus in order that the Roman soldiers might not be frightened by the sight of their own blood. To this day the children of England are told that this is the reason why French troops wear red trousers, and French children are taught the same notion respecting the red coats of the British. The legionaries of ancient Rome wore the skins of bears on the field of battle to make them look fierce. For the same reason they put figures of frightful beasts on their shields and helmets. From this odd custom springs modern crests and armorial bearings. The idea of scaring the enemy by such devices has been perpetuated up to quite recent times. Tall bearskin hats were originally adopted to make them look taller by the French cuirassiers, each of whom carried a handful of grenades for scattering among the ranks of their foe.—Troy Times.

Sun Spots.

It has been observed that after the sun spots have been at a minimum the summers are hotter, just as though there was more heat coming from the sun at such periods, and the fact has been accounted for by supposing that sun spots are caused by vast clouds of matter erupted from the sun and condensed in the surrounding space. These act as screens and prevent the sun's heat from radiating freely through them. From an examination of statistics A. B. McDowall, M. A., has found that in England during the hot summers, following the minima of sun spots, the month of August is hotter than July, an effect due, in all likelihood, to accumulation of the heat.—American Register.

The Giant Guards.

The distinction of having the greatest number of tall men in one company belongs to the First battalion of the Scots guards. The "A" or right flank company of that battalion has over 90 men on its roll, and their average height is 6 feet 2¼ inches. There are 12 men in the company over 6 feet 4 inches, and one stands slightly over 6 feet 7 inches. No individual member of the company is less than 6 feet in height.—London Court Journal.

Workmen's Tools of Moses' Time.

A collection of tools used by workmen in building the pyramids of Egypt that is owned by a famous Egyptologist indicate that many tools credited to modern ingenuity were in use when Moses was troubling the pharaohs. It is also announced that a furnace has been unearthed somewhere along the Nile in which hot blast was used centuries before the modern Neilson formulated the same idea.—Age of Steel.

It is put forward as one proof of the change of climate in England within the past centuries that fig trees bore fruit. In the Deanery garden, at Winchester, is a fine old fig tree from which James I picked fruit in 1623. At West Tarring, in Sussex, a large fig tree still stands, said to have been planted by Thomas a Becket.

An impure condition of the blood and an irritated state of the nerves which arises from it are common causes of sleeplessness. Thus it is that in disorders of the liver want of sleep and bad dreams are very common.

Louis Kossuth did not like the name by which Faneuil hall is known. Said he, "I do not like the idea that you call this place 'the cradle of liberty,' for cradle scents of mortality, and liberty is immortal."

Newton abandoned the idea of publishing several of his works for fear of criticism. They were left in manuscript and were published after his death.

Neither Gray, Fielding nor Akenside ever sat for a portrait, and their features are known to later times by pictures painted from memory.

Hardi, the great French dramatist, wrote 800 dramatic pieces between the years 1600 and 1637.

THERE WAS NO STRING TO IT.

But He Had Abundant Reason Nevertheless to Be Suspicious.

There was a bright new 50 cent piece lying on the pavement on Jefferson avenue, near Griswold street, when a bow backed man with a satchel came along from the depot. He saw the coin while he was yet 20 feet away, and he made a sudden forward rush to get it. The movement was almost instantly checked, however, and he walked slowly forward and backed to the curbstone and stood there and gazed at the coin with a foxy look on his countenance. In about a minute a pedestrian came up, saw the coin and reached for it and put it in his pocket. Observing the attitude of the old man at the same time he turned and queried:

"It didn't belong to you, did it?"

"Waal, I swan!" was the reply.

"What's the matter?"

"This is the queerest durned town I ever struck in all my life. I was coming up this street last year about this time when I saw a 50 cent piece lyin jest about here. I made a grab fur it, fell on my nose and rolled all over and finally got up to find that a boy had a string on the money and had pulled it into that doorway."

"And so you were shy of this one?"

"Yaas, I was shy."

"And are half a dollar behind the game?"

"Yaas, I'm half a dollar out. Say, are you in a hurry?"

"Yes—great hurry."

"Wall, I'll hev to find somebody else then. I want to find a feller who'll sot down with me fur about two hours and post me up. I'm comin into Detroit once a week now, and I want to find out what's got strings to it and what's lyin around loose and kin be picked up."—Detroit Free Press.

A Countryman's Suggestion.

A countryman who boarded the fire-boat New Yorker at her berth at the Battery the other day was interested to observe the completeness of her equipment for fighting fire along the river front. Her powerful pumps and ingenious arrangements for directing the streams upon burning buildings or into the holds of vessels filled him with admiration. Then he asked the engineer to show him the workings of the searchlight. He took it for granted that there was one and was amazed to learn that there was no electrical plant at all on the boat. This would appear to be a curious deficiency in a boat otherwise perfectly appointed, and it is difficult to see how so obvious a need could have been overlooked in the building of the New Yorker. The countryman's discovery has led to a discussion of the need of a searchlight and may lead to its introduction on the boat. It is admitted that such a light would be of the greatest value to the New Yorker in finding its way at night about among the crowded and tangled slips. It would, moreover, make it possible to direct a powerful light upon the fronts of warehouses, to the very great assistance of the firemen. Electric lights on the boat would also be supplied in place of the old fashioned oil lamps that are now in use.—New York Sun.

How He Wore His Shoes.

"I'll bet any one in the party," Colonel Jack Gambill said to a group of acquaintances one day, "that I did something when a growing boy out in old Tennessee that has never been done by any one before or since."

"What was that, colonel?"

"I wore out my first pair of shoes without both feet being shod at the same time."

"Explain."

"You see, it was this way. Shoes were a novelty to me. The shoemaker was slow, and I was impatient, as all boys are, for a new thing. He finished one of the shoes on a Saturday and told me I would have to wait another week for its fellow. I couldn't stand that, so I took the one shoe and wore it to such an extent that when I went for the other I had to leave the first one for repairs. It went on this way week after week, and somehow I never could bring that pair of shoes together on my feet. The family was too poor to think of buying me an additional pair. Odd thing, wasn't it, to have one foot in leather and paddling the hoof with the other? Boys'll do queer things sometimes."—San Francisco Call.

The Natural Death.

The natural death is no utopian dream. Both longevity and euthanasia are within the reach of mankind. Not a few have already secured both, while many more may find them. I have seen the man. He was old. He had neither pain, anger nor sorrow. Finally his intellect began to lose its power. His ambition changed to a desire for repose. His ideas of space, time and duty lingered for a moment, then passed away. Step by step his powers waned. Happily, painlessly, carelessly the moments flew. The merry sounds of youth at play and the hum of the busy world only rocked him gently to sleep. On and on he passed until his intellect ceased and consciousness was no more. This is the true euthanasia. It suggests no terror; it inflicts no pain; it brings no agony. —Dr. J. Hobart Egbert in Dietic and Hygienic Gazette.

Kissing.

It was a woman of the world who said: "Kissing is like any other intoxicant; once you cultivate a taste for it there is no such thing as getting enough of it." And it was a young matron with a heart full of love for her firstborn who declared in the very face of the crusty old doctor's learned objections to kissing that as long as there were mothers and babies in the world there would be kissing ad libitum.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Comforting.

Patient—Well, doctor, how's my lung?

Doctor—Pretty fair—it will last as long as you live.—Hallo.

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Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

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Div 25—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

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St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1065 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 742 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 423 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, O J Reilly; Treas, P J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1085 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 880 Fifth st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4050 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Ryan, 27 Monart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 836 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 79 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2080 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schemmer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 288 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heimu

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1894. Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, etc., vs. Thomas Vizard, Catherine Vizard and Ernest N. Smith. In Chancery. No. 127 756.

Notice is hereby given to the said defendant, Thomas Vizard, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Probate Court of Cook County. To the May term, A. D. 1894. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds. Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Affidavit of the non-residence of Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy, defendants above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy that the said petitioner, Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, has heretofore filed his petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot number One (1) in Dickey and Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) in Thompson and Holmes' Subdivision of the east forty-five (45 acs) acres of the north sixty (60 acs) acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38), North, Range Fourteen (14) east of the Third (3d) principal meridian, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, subject to a trust deed dated May 31, 1889, given by said decedent to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure his note for the sum of $500, of even date with said trust deed, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the May Term, A. D. 1894, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of May A. D. 1894, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy and Patrick Kennedy shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said county, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of May, 1894, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition.

ROGER C. SULLIVAN, Clerk.

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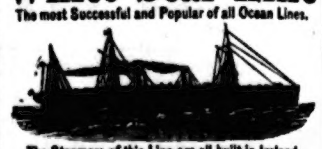

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